THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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ON BARKING DOGS

THERE is an old saying to the effect that barking dogs never bite. We are reminded of the adage by reading an extraordinary letter published by our neighbor, that influential "Journal of Opinion," the New Republic, in its issue of December 10. The letter is prominently displayed under the almost equally extraordinary title of "Two Sides to the Under Dog." It is semi-anonymous, being signed with the initials J. G. L. We think it well to reprint this letter in its entirety:—

"Sir: I suppose that most of the liberals who read of Mr. John Jay Chapman's protest against the appointment of a Roman Catholic to a position of responsibility on one of the governing boards of Harvard University experienced the customary orthodox liberal reaction when the power of the Church of Rome is challenged, viz., sympathy for the attacked and indignation against what the Holy Church is pleased to call in others "religious bigotry." But is it not time for liberals to cease being governed entirely by their emotions in these controversies and to quit their consistent hurrahing for the underdog, whether he be an honest animal or a mangy cur?

"If I remember correctly, the New Republic some time ago expressed the opinion that ignorant attacks on the Catholics might be expected to continue until the press should overcome its timidity in saying anything critical of the Church of Rome. This view seems reasonable, but it implies that the Church of Rome and its activities in the United States need some critical attention, and that honest criticism is to be preferred to the kind it usually gets. Well then, why doesn't the New Republic publish a series of articles on the subject, as sharply critical as necessity demands, and then give scholars from the Roman fold an opportunity to answer them if they can?

"As far as I am concerned, I shall require a lot of persuasive editorials to make me shed tears when the Ku Klux or any other group of Protestant bigots makes life interesting for the Holy Romans. When the devils are fighting together the righteous may live in peace.

"The newspapers do not hesitate in the least to razz the Protestant Fundamentalists. Yet wherein does Catholicism improve upon Protestant Fundamentalism in tolerance and the graces which make civilized life possible? There may be a half-answer to this question in the fact that many so-called 'Catholic countries' are civilized to a high degree—but is it because of a rigid adherence to the tenets of the Church that they are so, or because many Latins who profess Catholicism are in reality pagans? Unfortunately our American Catholicism is not of the Latin variety, but of the Celtic, and the highest representatives of the hierarchy in these states do not impress one by the

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profundity of their scholarship, nor by their refusal to meddle in temporal matters. One of the red-hatted potentates seems no more loath to seek the aid of the secular authorities in imposing his ideas on birth control and divorce on the whole population than is Mr. Bryan in seeking similar aid for his theories on the origin of man. The press points the finger of scorn and thumbs the nose of derision at the Protestant Fundamentalist, Mr. Bryan, and on comparable action by a Roman Fundamentalist (who being of the clergy has even less business tampering with legislators than has Mr. Bryan) says simply: Monsignor V. representing His Eminence Mike Cardinal Donovan appeared before the committee and objected to modifications in the existing law . . . the home is the foundation of society, etc.—ad nauseam.

"This much can be said for the Protestants—that in some denominations, clergy of liberal views, not only in economics and politics but in theology as well, may remain in safety. How far is this possible in the Church of Rome?

"If liberals were guided more by their intelligence and less by their emotions they might easily find some of the same objectionable characteristics in some of the enemies of the Ku Klux Klan as they find in the K. K. K. itself.

J. G. L."

Examining this letter with some care, for reasons which we will give later on, we reduce its main propositions to the briefest form consistent with correctness, as follows:

1—The New Republic has expressed the opinion that ignorant attacks on the Catholics would probably continue until the press overcame its timidity in criticizing the Catholic Church.

2—This opinion seems reasonable.

3—But its implication is that the Catholic Church should be critically examined.

4—Therefore, the New Republic should publish a series of articles criticizing the Catholic Church, giving "scholars from the Roman fold an opportunity to answer them if they can."

5—The anonymous writer gives warning that it will "require a lot of persuasive editorials to make me shed tears when the Ku Klux bigots make life interesting for the Holy Romans. When the devils are fighting together the righteous may live in peace."

6—The newspapers do not hesitate to "razz" the Protestant Fundamentalists. Yet wherein does Catholicism improve on Protestant Fundamentalism in tolerance and the graces which make civilized life possible?

7—Possibly a half answer to this question may be found in the fact that many "so-called Catholic countries" are civilized to a high degree.

8—But the anonymous writer suggests that these countries are civilized "because many Latins who profess Catholicism are in reality pagans."

9—But Latin Catholicity does not exist in the United States. American Catholicity is Celtic.

10—The anonymous writer does not state his reasons for his evident belief that what is Celtic necessarily is opposed to civilization and its graces—of which he only mentions two, namely, birth control and divorce. He simply and gratuitously insults an entire race with all its branches, and then, apparently as a typical example of what he considers to be "the graces which make civilized life possible," proceeds to refer to one of the Archbishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, as "His Eminence Mike Cardinal Donovan." The anonymous writer concludes by saying that if "liberals were guided more by their intelligence and less by their emotions they might easily find some of the same objectionable characteristics in some of the enemies of the Ku Klux Klan as they find in the K. K. K. itself."

We comment on these points as follows—The Commonweal agrees in the main with the points expressed in Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. It thinks, however, that "criticism" should not be considered synonymous with undocumented abuse, anonymous or otherwise. Criticism to be criticism in any realistic sense must be statements based upon some expressed or defined standard of judgment. If the New Republic does not wish to publish such a series of articles, pro and con, The Commonweal stands ready to do so. It already has offered the use of its pages to Mr. John Jay Chapman, who has not replied to the offer. The letter from Mr. Chapman to Mr. Cram, published by us two weeks ago, was sent to us for that purpose, at Mr. Chapman's request, by Mr. Cram. But that letter in no sense is a valid criticism of the Catholic Church, it is merely a general, sweeping condemnation based upon nothing but the writer's unsupported and fantastic statements.

Concerning proposition Number 5, namely, the fact that the anonymous writer refuses to shed any tears when the Ku Klux bigots make life interesting for the Holy Romans, we have only this to say—Some of the characteristic methods whereby bigots have made life interesting for Catholics in the United States have been the murder of priests, the burning or desecration of churches, convents and schools, and the spreading of wholly false accusations of the vilest possible character. The anonymous writer need not weep over this. Let him enjoy the spectacle, if his idea of pleasure runs in that direction. "When devils are fighting together," he tells us, "the righteous may live in peace." The devils in this instance appear to be the Ku Klux bigots and the Catholics. The anonymous writer, in his view, represents the righteous. A Catholic can only remark that he would prefer to be the Kluxer, than to be righteous in this writer's sense of the word.

Number 6 we pass by, for the daily newspapers

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themselves should answer it, if they think it worth while. They are accused of deliberately "razzing" Protestants and abstaining even from the honest criticism of Catholics.

Number 8.—If it is true, as the anonymous writer suggests, that Latin countries can only be considered civilized because of the fact that "many Latins who profess Catholicism are in reality pagans," we can only conclude that the anonymous writer believes that really civilized "pagans" must also be habitual and organized hypocrites and liars. For, under what compulsion do modern "pagans," Latin, Nordic, or of any other race, lie to profess the Catholicity which in this writer's opinion is the negation of civilization?

Numbers 9 and 10 among these startling propositions we have already sufficiently dealt with in setting them forth.

We conclude—ordinarily, The Commonweal would pay no attention to the anonymous letters received by us, or published elsewhere. All journals receive such missives. Usually they go at once into the scrap-basket. Reputable journals do not publish such things. The New Republic for some reason has made a startling exception to this generally accepted rule of decent journalism. For, the initials appended to the letter published by the New Republic do not save it from anonymity so far as the readers of that journal are concerned. The New Republic may know the writer's name, and be satisfied as to his competence to hold opinions such as he gives forth. If so, the New Republic should have printed the name. Otherwise the full responsibility must and does rest upon the New Republic. We have called this letter "extraordinary." It is the work of a writer who quite evidently feels entitled to be considered a literate, educated, civilized person. He assumes to act as the mouthpiece of true, "intelligent" liberalism. His letter is published by a journal written for and by presumably literate, educated, civilized people. It is a journal of "liberalism," whether emotional or intelligent liberalism we must leave to be thrashed out by the anonymous writer and the New Republic itself. Yet the letter is a plain and striking instance of a shocking violation of the accepted code of manners and good taste ordinarily followed by literate, civilized, educated people. Moreover, it seems to us an even more shocking example of moral cowardice. The proof of this lies in its anonymity. It is the sort of thing written by those who use "poison pens" to spread slander. It is worthy of no attention whatsoever, save the attention that is necessarily called to it by the fact that the New Republic chooses to publish it. In itself it contains no sting. Barking dogs do not bite. But those who permit dogs to disturb the peace of the community by their barking, particularly when the tone of their clamor suggests the danger of their being rabid, should be called to account. We ask the New Republic for that accounting.

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

IN the passing of Samuel Gompers there was a quality of noble idealism and heroic will-power combined which deserves the title of greatness. This is all the more true in that it was not a solitary gleam, but was the culmination of a long life devoted with inflexible, often with harsh practicality, to the following of an ideal, guided by one of the strongest and most well-controlled wills that modern times have witnessed. Borne down at last after nearly half a century of unremitting striving and fighting, by the weight of years and the grave illness which he had suffered for so long, Mr. Gompers had the happy fortune to fall on his chosen field, in full harness, hard at work, full of courage, holding fast to his highest ideals to the very end. With his last breath, while his companions in arms knelt by his bed praying for the passing soul, this Jewish immigrant who had led American workmen for forty years, said—"This is the end. God bless our American institutions. May they grow better day by day."

IN a time like this when far too many voices say that materialism and sensual ease and self-indulgence are the most characteristic marks of humanity, the career of a man like Gompers, ending happily, because it ended in harmony with its own high purposes, is a distinct corrective of pessimism. The fact that personal heroism has not died out of the world, proved by the life and death of Gompers, is perhaps of even greater value to the country of his adoption than any other of his numerous acts of public service. Leadership is

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what men need today more than anything else. It might even be said that it would be more beneficial for even bad causes and unworthy purposes to find leaders of consistency, courage, efficiency, than that they should be left to their own weak devices and thus remain a mere confusion that cannot adequately be dealt with. Gompers was always the leader. What he believed in he fought for with all his might. Even his bitterest enemies would not say, except in exasperated moments, that he ever fought unfairly. And that the workmen of this country required the work done for them by Gompers can hardly any longer be doubted by even the most backward minds.

THAT his policy, which may be described as the conservatism of the Labor movement, will prevail in the higher councils of the American Federation of Labor seems at the present moment certain. How far, however, that conservative policy will succeed in maintaining its direction of that mighty power is a more difficult question to answer. No matter how firmly Mr. Gompers's successor may share his views, and no matter how well he may be initiated in the masterly methods of the Gompers system, it is hardly to be expected that he will have, no matter who he may be, the same personal prestige as that possessed by Gompers and which did so much to explain his unexampled sway over organized labor in the United States. There are extreme radicals and dangerously heretical labor policies rampant among the rank and file of the A. F. of L., and still more among the organized, and unorganized, masses outside the Federation. But the Gompers tradition will remain as a helpful force and will probably enable the new leader and his counselors to align their forces against the sinister power that they must face.

IT is the belief of The Commonweal—and we think it to be the belief also of all well-informed Catholics—that a vast amount of the ridiculous stuff written about Catholicism is not based upon hostility to the Church, still less upon malice, but is the result of pure ignorance. People of education are in this one matter conspicuous and sometimes ludicrous offenders. A striking example of what we mean is afforded by what Mr. E. V. Lucas writes, and the editors of The Ladies' Home Journal permit to be published, in the December issue of that journal concerning the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.

MR. E. V. LUCAS is one of the best known and highly esteemed of English essayists and novelists. He is also the writer of many travel books. Furthermore, he is a publisher's reader. We mention his travel books and his position of publisher's reader because essayists and novelists, no matter what high artistic qualities they may possess, are not necessarily experts in matters of fact. But men who read manuscript for publishers and who dispense information in travel books would seem to have a need for precise knowledge, and to possess experience in turning over the pages of encyclopedias, which do not concern purely creative authors. Italy and France have been subjects for Mr. Lucas. We are told that he has treated them charmingly. In both these countries the attention even of a casual English writer must now and then be called to the fact that there is such a thing as the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Faith. The casual visitor is under no obligation to enquire into these things. But a writer who assumes the task of telling other people what he has seen or felt of matters concerned with that Church and that Faith, should surely be expected to take the trouble of verifying what he says, particularly if he ventures to write of the doctrines of a great and very much alive religion. Even should he rashly choose to write at random, at least you would suppose that the responsible editors of a magazine of great circulation, which must number thousands of Catholics among its readers, would see to it that his utterances were checked and made to conform with facts.

BUT no! Mr. Lucas writes and The Ladies' Home Journal publishes an essay on Murillo, in which quite the most ridiculously ignorant statements we remember having read since the last time we happened upon a copy of some K. K. K. paper, are made. Mr. Lucas has occasion to speak of Murillo's picture, "The Immaculate Conception." He tells us that the painting is given that title because "in the year 1617 the Spanish Church set its seal on the vision of the saintly Portuguese nun, Beatrix da Silva, who in the previous century had miraculously seen the Virgin as a girl of thirteen or so floating in space in a robe of blue and white, with the moon at her draped feet, above her head the stars, and cherubim, symbolizing maternity, all about her.

"Such—and no mortal woman—was the mother of our Lord. Upon this vision the Spanish section of the Church of Rome imposed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin as well as of her Son. Whereas the Son's birth otherwise was normal, the Virgin, as I understand it, was created spontaneously in the air. One moment she was not; the next, she was incorporated among the elements, ready in due time to descend to earth and fulfill her amazing destiny—just as Murillo has painted her. The Church, indeed, having added this article to its faith, insisted upon the manner in which it was to be depicted, and careful rules were drawn up for ecclesiastical painters to obey."

THIS almost incredible farrago of ignorance contains more errors than could be adequately set forth

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in an entire issue of The Commonweal. No more grotesque travesty of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception could be imagined. We hasten to add that we do not for one moment accuse Mr. Lucas of intending a travesty. He even, we believe, is moved by a spirit of reverence. But certainly he should have asked somebody who knew the doctrine—whether that person believed it or not—to read what he wrote, and correct him if he was wrong. Decidedly, it should have occurred to the editors of The Ladies' Home Journal to do so. Anything more remote from this weird vision of aerial wizardry described by Mr. Lucas than the real doctrine held by Catholics concerning the Immaculate Conception cannot well be imagined.

IT is no part of the work of The Commonweal to expound the dogmas of the Church, but, turning to the article in the Catholic Encyclopedia, (a set of which we will cheerfully subscribe to for the library of The Ladies' Home Journal if its editors will agree to use it) we find the matter set forth in a few simple words. The mother of Christ was conceived and born as are all other human beings. "Her body was formed in the womb of the mother and the father had the usual share in its formation." God granted her one exemption from the common lot. She was preserved, "from the first instant of her conception," exempt from all stain of original sin. She was to become the Mother of Christ. A stainless human person was required for the incarnation of God. Such, in its simple form, is the doctrine, quite accessible, fully described, in a score of works of reference.

WE would add for the further edification of Mr. Lucas and our readers a brief elucidation of some of the extraordinary statements of The Ladies' Home Journal. In the Life of the Blessed Beatrix da Silva, written by Bivar, we find that she was a daughter of the House of Portalegre allied to the royal family of Portugal. That she accompanied the marriage train of the Princess Isabel on her way to the Court of Spain and becoming involved in a quarrel with the Princess, she took refuge in the Convent of Dominican nuns in Toledo. Here she developed greatly in sanctity and earned an enduring reverence among the saints of Portugal and Spain. In one of her visions she beheld the Virgin Mary raised in the heavens, as in the vision of St. John Evangelist: there was an oval sun around her youthful form, stars in a crown about her head and the crescent moon at her feet. Her hands were folded across her breast and her garments were of blue and white. Sister Beatrix after remaining with the Dominicans for forty years, founded the Order of Concepción Purissima under the Rule of St. Francis. Confirmed by Pope Julius in 1511, it spread rapidly throughout the Spanish empire, greatly favored by Queen Isabel the Catholic. The Franciscans were among the earliest propagandists of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and procured special blessings and indulgences from Pope Leo X for a medal representing this vision of the Blessed Beatrix, which showed the Franciscan knotted cord tied about the waist of the Blessed Virgin in Heaven. It was through devotion to this medal and the general favor it enjoyed throughout Europe at large that Bartolome Murillo painted his earliest Assumptas and Concepcións in the costume it represented. Francisco Pacheco in his three books on the Arte de la Pintura will readily satisfy Mr. Lucas or any other intellectual desiring further instruction on this subject.

THAT all decent people should help to do away with the evils of child labor may be taken for granted. But that the best way to accomplish this purpose is to entrust the national government with far-reaching powers over all children up to the age of eighteen everywhere, in their homes as well as in factories and mines, does not appeal to those who are not committed to the idea of state control. The voters of Massachusetts have emphatically voiced the general popular distrust of federal paternalism. Children must be protected against commercial exploitation, but not by turning them over in a mass to the jurisdiction of a bureau in Washington. Politicians are not a good substitute for parents. That there are unfit parents is a sad and palpable fact, but these should be dealt with, and can be dealt with, in a more efficient fashion than by the setting up of centralized bureaucrats.

THE suggestion offered by the New York World to the effect that the energies of the combined forces of all those interested in the reformation of child labor should be devoted first to the creation of a model system in the District of Columbia, which then could be followed by the states, has much to commend it. The suggestion has been criticized on the ground that the District of Columbia has no industrial situation comparable to the larger states, and that laws based on its conditions would not be practical models for laws elsewhere. Possibly some state might be selected for this purpose instead of the District.

CHRISTMAS: 1924

WHAT can be said that has not been said before, or better said, or said so often that all available words are weakened, their meanings faded, their beauty dimmed? For, every minute of every hour, day by day, century by century, words gush forth from millions of lips. Now, they vibrate also through space on wires, or on waves of the ether, and through the

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cables under the sea. They pour by billions from the printing presses of the world. If the voices were united, Niagaras of noise would drown out all other sounds, roaring out their confusion to Sirius or Mars, a super-titanic tumult of agony, joy, grief, misery, happiness, pleasure, pain, hatred and love, inextricably commingled and confused.

Inextricably commingled also are the conflicting ideas animating the myriads of unspoken though possibly even more potent words that stream from the printing presses—books, pamphlets, journals, reviews, magazines, daily newspapers, in all the languages and dialects of all the races, nations, tribes, and classes of mankind. Warfare ravages great portions of the earth. Famines and floods, storms and plagues, sweep violently into death millions of men, women and children, in addition to the millions who die daily because of the ordinary causes of human mortality. And those who are not dying yet but who shall die tomorrow, they, in the midst of this vast multitude of the dying and the dead, plot or toil daily for money, for power, fame, love, pleasure, security, or peace. And the words they utter, the words vibrating along the wires and through the cables beneath the sea, or on the waves of the ether, together with the printed words of the laboring presses, all are concerned with these ceaseless wars, famines, plagues, revolutions, massacres, storms, disasters, and with the plotting or the moiling to possess money or fame or love or power, pleasure, security, or peace.

What then can be said in the midst of all this clamor which may be heard, and if heard can be accepted as true?

Only the one Word that was in the beginning, the Word that is God, the same that will be the End, the Word by Whom all things were made and without Whom is made nothing. The Word in and by Whom only is there light, the light that is the light of men, the light that still shines in the darkness of this world, the darkness that is the failure to comprehend. That Word, which was made Flesh and dwells among us, speaks. Through Niagaras of noise, through the titanic tumult of voices and the roaring of the presses, through all the confusion of vain words for which men must render an accounting at the Judgment, the one Word speaks as it has spoken for 2,000 years: it speaks as it has spoken from the dawn of time, and as it speaks from eternity. It is for us to listen and to heed.

The Word that was made Flesh: the God that became Man: who was a Child: who suffered and who died, but yet who lives, not far away, but here and now. He is among us, everywhere. He speaks of peace, of joy, and life amid the wars, the storms, the plagues, the desolations, the abominations, the pain and the woe, and the darkness of the world: and He says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light. Who follows Me does not walk in darkness."

THE COMMITTEE BARRIER

IT WOULD be natural to think that such an expression of public confidence in President Coolidge as was recently made at the polls would convey to him full power and opportunity to put his measures before Congress, but it is not so. The committee barrier stands in the way. A typical illustration of this fact is supplied by the embarrassments which now confront the administration because of the prospective succession of Senator Borah to the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. His views differ so seriously from those of Secretary Hughes, who is in charge of those matters in behalf of the President, that according to newspaper reports Mr. Hughes is minded to resign his portfolio, although President Coolidge is anxious to retain his services.

Why should Senator Borah's possession of the chairmanship so disturb the administration? He is an able statesman who has a perfect right to form his own views of the foreign policy of his country and to act upon them. It is quite conceivable that it would be to the public benefit if his criticism of administrative proposals should modify their nature or even alter their character. There is nothing wrong in this from the standpoint of constitutional propriety. It is of the very essence of constitutional government that all measures of the administration should be exposed to free criticism and be subject to correction by it. Why then should Mr. Hughes be resentful of Senator Borah's promotion? The answer is that it is not Senator Borah's opportunity for criticism that is resented but his advantage of position. The chairmen of committees hold the gateways of legislation. Senator Borah will be in a position to let in what he wants to propose and to shut out what the administration wants.

Considering the language of the Constitution one might think it would be all plain sailing for the administration. The Constitution provides that the President "shall from time to time give to Congress information on the state of the Union." That supplies the authority which the President exercises in messages to Congress suggesting what subjects they shall take into consideration. But the Constitution further provides that the President shall "recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." This clause has been practically nullified by the development of the system of standing committees. No means exist by which the President can put his measures directly before Congress. He can of course get a member to introduce a measure in his behalf, but it will be at once referred to a committee and there it will stick until the committee chooses to act. Then if the committee decides to let it come before Congress it will be in such shape as to reflect the committee's judgment and not the President's judgment. A committee has naturally a different point of

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view from the President. He is subject to a national responsibility. A committee is subject to the immediate control of local interest and partialities. The guiding principle of committee action—as the general character of legislation plainly shows—is not what will benefit the nation but what will please the districts. The President may try to substitute his own proposals by private exertions of his influence and by public addresses. Some memorable struggles have been brought about in this way. But this means that the President must function as a lobbyist, whereas the Constitution intended that he should openly assume and publicly discharge his responsibilities.

At the time the Constitution was adopted it was the practice of the heads of the executive departments to go directly before Congress with their proposals, just as the principle officers of a corporation go before its board of directors. In this way Robert Morris was able to present, explain and obtain action upon his plans for financing the government. In this way John Jay, when he held the position Secretary Hughes now occupies, used to go before Congress to explain foreign relations, submit his proposals, answer questions and reply to criticism. If Mr. Hughes had a like opportunity he would not now be thinking of resigning, no matter how much Senator Borah's views might differ from his own, for that would not prevent him from presenting his own case for all that it might be worth.

It was expected that this direct access to Congress would be continued under the Constitution of 1787, but a combination of factions in the first session of the new Congress, led by the anti-federalist, Elbridge Gerry, excluded the heads of the executive departments from the floor. As a substitute for their agency in bringing forward business for consideration, standing committees were established and their number has been multiplying ever since. The effect of this change of system was soon apparent. So early as 1797, Fisher Ames noticed that it was debasing the character of Congress. He remarked—

"Committees are already the ministers, and while the House indulges a jealousy of encroachments in its functions, which are properly deliberative, it does not perceive that these are impaired and nullified by the monopoly as well as the perversion of information by these committees."

Justice Story, who while a member of Congress obtained a close-up view of actual conditions, went deeply into the subject in his Commentaries, published in 1833. In every particular the observations he then made have been confirmed by all experience since. They are all so weighty and pertinent that it is difficult to make a choice among them, but the following bears directly on the point now under consideration—

"The Executive is compelled to resort to secret and unseen influences, to private interviews, and private arrangements to accomplish its own appropriate purpose, instead of proposing and sustaining its own duties and measures by a bold and manly appeal to the nation in the face of its representatives. One consequence of this state of things is that there never can be traced home to the Executive any responsibility for the measures which are planned and carried at its suggestion. Another consequence will be (if it has not yet been) that measures will be adopted or defeated by private intrigues, political combinations, irresponsible recommendations, and all the blandishments of office, and all the deadening weight of silent patronage."

The special emoluments, privileges and opportunities attaching to committee position are so valuable that it will be a task of extreme difficulty to overthrow committee usurpation and revive constitutional government. A favorable opportunity occurred when the nation was deeply moved by the assassination of President Garfield as the result of a factional struggle over official patronage. Senator Pendleton of Ohio was then advocating a return to the original design of the Constitution. His bill admitting the heads of departments to the floor of Congress was favorably reported by a committee which included such distinguished statesmen as Allison of Iowa, Voorhees of Indiana, Blaine of Maine and Ingalls of Kansas. The committee in their report, February 4, 1881, observed—

"This system will require the selection of the strongest men to be heads of departments, and will require them to be well equipped with knowledge of their offices. It will also require the strongest men to be leaders of Congress. It will bring these strong men in contact, perhaps into conflict, to advance the public weal, and thus stimulate their abilities and efforts, and will thus assuredly result to the good of the country . . . Your committee believes that the adoption of this bill and the effective execution of its provisions will be the first step towards a sound civil service reform, which will secure a larger wisdom in the adoption of policies, and a better system in their execution."

Unfortunately the reform sentiment of the times missed this golden opportunity. With leaders of both the great national parties agreeing in support of the Pendleton bill, it might have been put through if the civil service reformers had rallied to its support, but they seemed to be unable to give a thought to any remedy for corruption except their scheme of competitive examinations. This—a mere palliative—was enacted. The other measure, which offered a genuine cure, was dropped and has never since received special consideration. But the deterioration of Congress and the growth of irresponsible power will not be checked until direct connection between the Executive and Congress is restored. This would not introduce parliamentary institutions of the English pattern, with its defect of executive instability. The system would be more like that of Switzerland whose democratic institutions are conspicuously successful in maintaining order, honesty and efficiency in public affairs.

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THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL PARTY

By FRIEDRICH FUNDER

DURING 1922 the world beheld the spectacle of Austria plunging into ruin. Then it was socialistic opposition which called most loudly for the Catholic prelate, Dr. Ignatz Seipel, leader of the Christian Social party, to prove himself the man destined to control the government. There was bitter irony in this summons, of course, but also an open confession that the hour had come when the party which represented Catholic thought in Austria could prove its worth. This party had defeated the Socialists in the elections for the National Assembly, held on October 17, 1920. It had received 1,245,531 votes out of a total of 2,980,328; the Socialists, who had formed the strongest group at the elections for the Constitutional Assembly the year before, now garnered only 1,072,709 votes; the Pan-German party, third strongest political body in Austria, polled 514,172 votes.

But it was not merely its control of the parliament or the personal significance of its leader, Dr. Seipel, which made the hour a critical one for the Christian Social party. There were other reasons, deeply rooted in the past. Under the old régime, the Catholics had already been the leading supporters of the Austrian national idea. It has often been said that Austria would not have sunk into ruin if it had possessed, during the war, the leadership of Dr. Lueger, the great mayor of Vienna and founder of the Christian Social party. His personality was the most brilliant embodiment of the popular Austrian spirit manifested since the adoption of the Constitution in 1867. The victorious advance of this statesman, and of the party he founded, began at Vienna in the last decade of the nineteenth century,

Prior to this time liberalism had been practically omnipotent in Austria. It had been protected by a reactionary suffrage law which excluded the lower classes of the population from sharing in the government; and it had united in its ranks both free-thinkers and the capitalists who controlled industry and banking. This liberalism gave its color to parliament, the bureaucracy, the press, the universities—even to certain groups at Court and among the clergy. Of course there was a Catholic Conservative party, but though it was represented in parliament, it had no voice in municipal government. Into this atmosphere of pride, selfish lust for power and thoughtlessness, Dr. Lueger and his followers burst like a storm-wind. He gathered round him the small merchants and the workers of the metropolis, raised a voice of fearless opposition to the corrupt wielders of power, and preached to Austria a gospel which it never heard before—the gospel of Christian Democracy and of the social truths proclaimed by Leo XIII in his encyclical Rerum Novarum. In doing these things, Dr. Lueger ran brusquely against the hotly defended barricades of an antiquated political and social order. But as early as 1895 he took from the liberals the control of the Vienna city council; in 1896 he was elected mayor of the city, amidst shrieks of horror sent up by the entire free-thinking press of Europe; and in 1897 he gained all the Vienna mandates for the so-called fifth legislative assembly, in the election of delegates for which universal suffrage was employed for the first time in Austria.

The victories of Dr. Lueger brought about a complete renovation of the Austrian national spirit. With the renewal of faith in the saving social power of Christianity and with the restoration of honor to the Christian name, there came a profound spiritual quickening. The empty churches were filled once again, Vienna became the scene of glorious manifestations of Catholic faith, great Catholic organizations came into being, and the Catholic press rose to a position of importance. Thousands of enthusiastic men who strode like triarians in the van of the Christian Social movement, gathered around Vienna's illustrious preacher, P. Heinrich Abel, S. J. The surge of happy triumph swept over Austria as the Catholic spirit proved victorious. I still remember how, after the first news of Dr. Lueger's success at the polls had spread, men totally unacquainted with one another embraced on the streets, while ovations to the great leader rumbled down the Viennese highways with a majesty surpassing even the acclaim which used to greet the old Emperor, so beloved by his folk.

When universal suffrage, legalized as a result of the Christian Social party's vigorous campaign, figured for the first time in the general elections for the Austrian parliament held during 1907, all the ninety-six German Catholic deputies of Austria united under the leadership of Vienna's mayor and so formed the strongest single bloc among the 516 representatives chosen to the parliament. This example was widely emulated by the non-German nations within the empire, with the result that Catholic representatives from Italian, Slovak, Czech, Polish and Ruthenian districts were united in close and friendly relations.

The party headed by Dr. Lueger was not blind to the defects of their empire of many races and tongues. With the same firm resolution which had made him the champion of a frank and loyal Austrian patriotism and had led him to declare, pointing to the black and yellow colors of the imperial flag—"I am black and yellow to my very bones," the great Catholic leader pledged his party to a thorough reform of Austro-

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Hungarian government. He demanded justice for each separate people and a disposition of legal control which would unite all into a family of nations round about the honored sign of the Hapsburgs, who during so many centuries had stood for social harmony. The imperial state, which had once been the bulwark of Christendom in the conflict with the Crescent, and which had later counteracted the Religious Revolution with a counter-reformation led by active Austrian princes, possessed in the common religious bond of its peoples and their Catholic culture and tradition, its most abiding sources of strength. These things were recalled by the Christian Social party's program, while the national chauvinism which threatened to destroy mutual understanding between the different races was repudiated by it.

In all this effort the party won the support of no less a personage than the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Everything seemed to look hopeful, and Austria prepared to advance towards a brighter future. But on March 10, 1910, Dr. Lueger died; and the age of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who was now feeble and lacking the courage to undertake vast reforms, postponed the realization of the reform idea. The matter was definitely brought to a halt by the fateful murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. When the victors sat in judgment over Austria at St. Germain, in 1919, everyone had already forgotten that great efforts had been made by the German Catholics of Austria to settle the imperial problem in a way similar to the plan suggested by President Wilson, and that it had not been the fault of these Catholics if the attempt had failed.

The great inheritor of Dr. Lueger's principles was Dr. Ignatz Seipel. Elected to the National Constitutional Assembly in February, 1919, and chosen foreman of the Christian Social group in the National Assembly proper, on June 9, 1921, Dr. Seipel held the foremost position of leadership among Austrian Catholics. Differences of temperament distinguished him, of course, from his illustrious predecessor. Dr. Lueger had been born with the Viennese crimp in his tongue, and was both humorous and impulsive; Dr. Seipel, though also a native of the city, is revealed in his character and his oratory as a thoughtful, realistic scholar, whose wit is delicately sarcastic, and whose power of appeal rests on the sequence and aptness of his logical expression. But the late Chancellor is none the less the heir of Dr. Lueger. His Austrian patriotism is based on profound conviction, and he draws his moral strength and the firmness of his political convictions from his abiding religious faith.

During the war, Dr. Seipel made no secret of his pacifist opinions; he wrote widely-read studies on the reform of the existing Austro-Hungarian state according to the principles of national autonomy; and he is today the statesman of Central Europe who stands most earnestly for international conciliation. His gift for statesmanship was first discovered by the Emperor Charles, the unfortunate ruler who died in exile at Madeira. He often sought the advice of the middle-aged professor of moral theology, who at that time had never been the representative of any public group and who had been transferred from Salzburg to the University of Vienna during 1917. Thus two sympathetic natures met: the scholarly priest and the young monarch on the Hapsburg throne, both lovers of peace and both hopeful of constructing a new and equable government for all the peoples grouped under Austro-Hungarian rule. But the stream of events was furious and swift. The young Emperor was unable to prevail against the policy of war championed by Ludendorff in the Council of the German confederates. The approaching collapse announced itself in a thousand uncanny ways. On October 2, 1918, Dr. Seipel paid me a visit and declared that the Emperor had already been requested to abdicate; that there was talk of viceregents for Austria and Hungary; but that a final attempt to save the old order would be made by calling the pacifist Dr. Lammasch to head a new ministry, which was to draw up a program whereby every nationality was to form its own government and then to aid in the establishment of a union, at the head of which a Hapsburg regent would be chosen as a democratic ruler. In this ministry Dr. Seipel was entrusted with social affairs. A few days later, however, the knell of Hapsburg dominion was sounded.

The break-up of the old monarchy did not fail to bring deep consternation into Catholic ranks. A republic of "German-Austria" had been formed almost over night. Few Catholics had desired this republic; many regarded its establishment as a necessary evil; and many others opposed the unscrupulous law-breaking with which the new government proceeded to enter upon its career. A dangerous split threatened to separate Austrian Catholics into republican and monarchistic camps. Then, too, there followed that series of unfortunate economic and political developments which seemed to predict that the republic could not possibly last beyond the first few years of its existence.

Almost immediately after the dissolution of Austria-Hungary, the Social Democratic leader, Dr. Bauer, announced union with Germany as the political goal of Austria. Although the treaty of St. Germain had voiced a strict inhibition against such union, public sentiment in favor of it grew stronger by leaps and bounds. The Socialists wanted union because they felt that their position would be strengthened by affiliation with German Socialism, and because they hoped, as Dr. Bauer declared, that the dictatorship of the proletariat would follow. The German Nationalists wanted union because it soothed their ancient national sentiment. Many Catholics desired union because they could no longer believe that their little Austria,

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stripped now of precious German territory, was capable of separate existence.

A hard task confronted Dr. Seipel. But devoid as he was of nationalistic chauvinism, he proved to his people that the man who controls his destiny is he and he only who takes up courageously the battle of existence and proves his right to the world's confidence, justice, and assistance. When he became Chancellor on May 31, 1922, it was almost because no one else dared to undertake the task of saving the country: the situation was, indeed, so dismal that maps distributed throughout Czecho-Slovakia predicted that Austria would be broken up into fragments and distributed among its neighbors. Many of the surrounding states were actually on their haunches, ready to gobble their booty. But so deep and undismayed was Dr. Seipel's conviction that Austria could live and must live for the continued peace of Europe, that within four months after his assumption of power he had victoriously proved to the League of Nations that his country was a necessary factor in the reconstruction of Europe and that immediate aid was a necessity. By that victory the road to the rebuilding of Austria's nationhood was paved. The leader of the Social Democratic party had broken the ban which hitherto had rested so heavily on the shoulders of the new republic.

(This is the second of three articles by the editor of the Vienna Reichpost on the reconstruction of Austria.)

TEMPTATION

By SHANE LESLIE

UNDER the great Dome that floated like a golden bubble on the sunset sea, lay the shadow of a crumbling city.

It was a city of many mansions, not like one that is made up of streets and parks, but of gates and courtyards. Each gate led into a palace and upon the time-eaten walls the shrouded panes hung between the light and the darkness. There was no sign of mart or amusement in that silent city, but only of a quiet business stirring through its corridors of marble. A business that might have begun centuries in the past, and yet not end till the ending of the world.

From time to time men in sable dress moved without noise through the rooms and across the stairways arched with alabaster. Some of them were slashed across the waist with scarlet or purple. They carried worm-eaten books and written parchments. Even so, they made little show beside the soldiers who guarded the outer gates. These were arrayed very magnificently in yellow and black and vermillion, as though to signify that their watch was not withdrawn by golden morn or at red evening or in the dark of night.

To watch and pray was the motto of that City which lay under the Dome.

* * *

In a chamber set behind three gates of iron and behind three corridors that none might pass, an old man sat upon a chair of cedar-wood.

His face and his garments were as white as frayed ivory. A white cap covered his silver hair and his feet were shod with shoes as white as snow. Upon each was woven a cross of gold thread. At a little distance it looked like the print of a nail let into the cloth.

In the room were a few very precious presents. The old man's hand rested on a table sent by the then reigning Emperor of the Sun. It was exquisitely inset with the solar radiations, which Celestial royalty affect on their notepaper. The old man could claim no such hereditary symbol, save that his father had been a peasant and he himself been sunburnt in his fields. There were other marvelous gifts beside. Underfoot lay a rich carpet of azure-blue dyed to that color which is known only in the Islands of Solomon. It had been presented by the Queen of Sheba, a very devout soul. There was a lion of gilded bronze in the corner with eyes of red carbuncle sent by the King of the Sahara, who was a god after his manner. Opposite stood a table of sea-green marble fringed with pale gold. The Lord of the Everlasting Snows had sent it in default of ancient allegiance. From the old man's hand hung a circlet of tawny beads, which his devoted liegeman, the Lord of the Isles, had robbed from the strange northern folk, who are of kindred blood to the seals. The floor of the chamber was paved with worn onyx-stone, given by a potentate who had died so long before that his name was forgotten by his own people. His people in turn had been forgotten by the historians. . .

The old man was glancing through some parchments written out by his scribes in a clear lifeless script. To some he added his signature in trembling minuscules. To others he appended notes. From the contents of these it would appear his duties were manifold. The Calendar of the Saints was in his keeping. Likewise he was responsible for the souls of kings and of little children. He was the annointed Reader of Scripture to the nations. Upon the heading of one parchment was written his title—Servant of the Servants of God.

He was weary that evening and his hands moved as though clasped under invisible chains. The truth was that he had passed a very tiring day. Before dawn he had been called from slumber to say his prayers. A chamberlain had robed him and left him to medi-

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tate upon his knees. Afterwards he had been lifted upon a palanquin of gold and carried through the unending corridors into the Basilica of the Holy Fisherman. Before the high altar he had sung the Liturgy, moving now to one side, now to the other, his frail figure hovering like a moth in the blaze of the great candlesticks. All the while, the crying of the priests and the booming of the organs had never ceased. When he leaned back upon the throne set for him, he felt faint for lack of food. His chamberlains saw his pallor and fanned him with white ostrich plumes.

It was the Feast Day of him, whose ring was set on his finger and whose keys he carried in his girdle. One of these, it was said, was the Key of Heaven and the other the Key of Hell. And the nations shuddered thereat. . .

The hours passed away as slowly as the melting clouds of incense from the air, and his eyes fell upon the great image of the Fisherman which sat throned before him. Time had made that image as black as bitumen, but the feet which the multitude had pressed with their lips shone like molten brass.

He began to think of the stewardship for which he must one day give account and he remembered sadly the peaceful days of study in his hermitage before he was burdened with the nets of the Fisherman. Ever since the three score and ten Princes of the Blood of God had chosen him to be Lord over them, he had lost all happiness and rest. Men came to him from the ends of the world to thrust their burdens upon him.

Tears fell down his waxen cheeks and upon his vestments, and upon the jewelled maniple that hung like a dead bird from his wrist. But the multitudes noticed not that he wept, for their eyes were turned to the great image which was clothed in the vesture of God. Upon the Feast Day of the Fisherman they set a triple crown upon its head, signifying the sovereignty of the gate that is above and of the gate that is below, and of the gate that leadeth neither to dark nor light.

From the shoulders of the image down to the feet hung a cope of gold and it was fastened with a lock of sapphire. Very terrible and magnificent seemed the image of the Fisherman, for it filled the shadow of one pillar of the Basilica. Now each pillar was the thickness of a man's house.

When the liturgy was finished, a deacon clad in scarlet rose and bowed to the old man upon the throne, and straightway the silver trumpets rang through the Dome so that it sounded as a single reed of an organ. Then all the elders and chamberlains stood in their places and followed the old man as he was carried slowly over the heads of the people. As he passed he lifted his hand to bless them upon the right and the left. His hand fluttered like a white carrier dove, bearing a jewelled ring in its pinions. And all the people cried out like thunder—

"O Priest and King, Live Forever!"

Within the palace they disrobed him and gave him a little boiled fish to eat, and to quench his thirst a piece of pomegranate seethed in old wine.

It was the hour for him to receive the pilgrims who came from all parts to ask favor in this world or the next. To all he spoke softly and humbly, saying—

"This may I give to you and I give it," or—"Of this it is not permitted and I give it not."

When the pilgrims were gone, the governors and legates of his own palace entered the presence-chamber. They carried chains of gold upon their robes of scarlet and as they passed, the soldiers of the guard lifted and let fall their spears. When their business was finished, there came to the door a Lord of the Holy Inquisition. The old man bade him enter and do all that he had to do. And the Lord Inquisitor, who was clad in hooded white, bowed to the ground and kissed his feet. Then he arose and waited for the old man to confess himself, saying—

"Let my Lord reveal every evil that he hath done or caused others to do, or spoken or caused others to speak and every shadow of faithlessness that hath crossed his mind, even unto the shadow of a shadow."

And the old man humbled himself and unravelled the very simplicity of his mind, saying—"O my Lord, thy Lord searcheth and findeth no evil done this day, by deed or word or thought save the weariness that thy Lord felt in the presence of the servants of God."

Then the Lord Inquisitor looked grave as his duty bound him, and answered—

"This even were a sin, O my Lord, for it is written 'weary not in well-doing,' and if the eyes of the fisherman grow weary, the nets are broken."

Then he bared his arm which was as white as a leper's and he drew from it an iron band which he set for a penance upon the arm of the other. And he charged him to wear the same and to tell no man. As he gave the word of absolution, the old man seemed to smile for the first time that day.

Then the Lord Inquisitor knelt for his blessing and passed out through the corridor with head bowed as though he had conned the pages of some holy book. As he went, the soldiers saluted him, but tremblingly, for they knew the terrible office which was his. It was given to him to lock and unlock the soul of him, who kept the Keys of Heaven and of Hell.

It was again the hour that the old man should eat, and they gave him some broth and bread and wine. He took and ate it, saying to himself—

"Gall He had to sup and vinegar to drink."

When night had fallen his chamberlains led him away into a small ungarnished room to sleep. . .

It was night, and though all running to and fro had long ceased in the City that lay under the Dome, yet a visitant stood at the gate. For a moment of that, which is called Time, a shadow darkened the gateway, then it glided past without noise, and without hurry it passed through the corridors of marble, until it

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stood outside the small ungarnished room. No chamberlain or messenger announced its entry, and the soldiers who stood guarding all night never moved a spearhead. . .

The old man slept deep, for he stirred not nor spoke. But in his sleep he beheld a vast panorama as of a desert around him. There was no sign of life upon those unending sands, that glistened like yellow silk in the sun. Rocks there were and caves but no trees. All at once the shadow as of an eagle dotted the far away edge. The shadow drew nearer and larger out of the dazzling air, until it came quite close. It grew to the stature of a man. And a voice proceeded saying—

"Art thou not lonely in this land where none that is man hath ever been?"

And the old man knew that he was utterly alone and drew back afraid. But he answered suddenly as though the words found birth on his lips—

"I know thee not, who or whence thou art, but thou speakest false for I see footprints in the sand."

And the other answered laughingly—

"Nay, but He who left these prints in the desert was not man."

The old man, remembering what office was his, answered fiercely, for his eyes were opened—

"Nay, but most truly He was born Man and whosoever denieth be anathema."

And the other spoke warily—

"I know thee, who thou art, thou holy one, and thy weariness. And wouldst thou not be brought unto thy own country and be with thine own people again?"

With a parched tongue the old man gainsaid him, saying—"Nay, for my place and my duty are under the Dome."

While he spoke, the plains swayed in his sight, and the sun turned to blood and he felt himself compassed by a cloud darker than darkness. He could neither stir nor speak, for he felt himself carried through the air until he stood above the world on the gilded pinnacle of the great Basilica. He perceived the city and the courts beneath the Dome and they were filled by multitudes of poor folk. They made sign to him from afar off. And the voice whispered—

"I have set thee upon the pinnacle of Power to be a sign to all men and to strengthen their faith. Go down from hence and the angels of Him thou servest shall watch over thee among the people."

And the old man answered—

"Often have I desired to go amongst the multitudes, that I might be a servant where they have made me a Prince, but it is not given me to do my will in this generation. . ."

Then it seemed as if the seven vials of darkness were loosed in the sky and that a cloud of iron hemmed him in, and he was being carried he knew not whither.

At length he knew that he stood upon the top of an exceeding high mountain, and that a light shone about him that was not the light of the sun or of the moon or of the stars. As his eyes grew less dazed, he saw that the air was lighted by a glamor from the jewelled crowns and sceptres of the kings of the world. They were all gathered at the foot of the mountain, and behind them their enemies were ranged through the plains, as far as the eye could reach. And in the distant estuaries the masts of the navies of the world trembled like a forest of reeds. Once more he heard the voice speak—

"All that thou seeest here of the kingdoms and the dominions and principalities of this world, all these will I give to thee, with all that they contain and possess, if thou wilt genuflect unto me but once."

Out of some far memory the old man knew what his answer should be—

"Get thee behind me," he cried, "for it is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," and he added, "nor the servant of the servants of thy God."

Then the voice that had spoken to him from out of the shadow died away like a shrill wind crying to itself in the wilderness. Beyond the plains and sea it left but a wail of despair. And the wail in turn died away. . .

In the dead of the night the old man rose up and cried out to the guards. In a moment they stood about him with spears and torches in their hands, and roused the chamberlains from slumber.

"Who hath come in and who hath gone out and who hath spoken to me in my sleep?"—he questioned them in astonishment.

And the soldiers swore that not so much as a shadow had passed between their spearheads, so close they kept their watch. Then the old man remembered that it was a dream, and he said—

"Praise be unto the Light of Light who hath delivered his servant from the shadow of darkness and the power thereof."

And the chamberlains answered him Amen, but no man wist what he meant, of all who dwelt with him in the City under the shadow of the Dome.

Decoration

Your words were silver filagree
  Thick-strewn with jade and coral;
They flashed as bright as sapphire fish,
  Or gleamed as dark as laurel.
Your words were daggers wrought of bronze,
  Streaming with blended light
Of garnet and flawed emerald,
  Topaz and chrysolite.
Your words were smooth as nectarines;
  They rustled like brocade;
And always through your laughing words
  The April raindrops played.
Your words were vivid darting flames,
  Scarlet and green and blue;
They were bold and blithe and beautiful,
  And everything but true!

MUNA LEE.

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The Good Priest of Gourin

Here is a strange sweet legend
That has many a time been told,
But never before was written down
In language new or old.
Passing from lip to lip
Through that province by the sea,
The faith-worn treasure came at last
To the friend who gave it to me.
In the ancient graveyard at Gourin
My friend espied one stone
Quite new, on top of its pediments
Age-worn and lichen-grown.
The old, old slab, they said,
As a questioning look they caught,
Was worn away by the feet
Of little children, brought
By mothers to walk on the tomb.
A word of amazement led
To this tale of the ancient days
And the goodness of one long dead.

Hundreds of years ago
In the parish there lived a priest
Greatly beloved by his people
And his children—not the least.
For he loved the little folk
Even as the Master had done
When He took them up in his arms
And blessed them every one.
But one sad human weakness
Afflicted this good curé.
When he had fallen asleep
After his work of the day,
He could hardly be roused again,
But would drift back into sleep,
As a vessel cut from her moorings
Will drift out onto the deep.
One night as he slept there came
A hurried knock at his door,
To summon him to baptize
A little one stricken sore.

Yes, yes, he would come at once!
But frail is our flesh. The tide
Of sleep engulfed him again,
And by morning the child had died.
Grief for the loss of a soul
And remorse tore at his heart.
Unworthy one! He could serve
No longer, he must depart!
So one night, turning his back
On the parish he loved, he set out
For the nearest port, his step
Heavy enough no doubt.
Thence he took ship and sailed
For Ireland, setting his face
To a new life that should repair
His sorry fault, by God's grace.
Nearing the coast, he found
Among his belongings the key—
Thrust in his pocket in haste—
To the door of his Sacristy.

Overboard it must go!
Not a single tie must remain
With all he had loved and lost,
To bring it to mind again.
For years in a new-found home
With patience and love as of old
He labored among the poor
And the suffering in his fold.
And always his chiefest joy
Were the children in his care,
For he loved them tenderly—
That spirit devoted and rare.
And they all loved him till he seemed
Almost a saint in their eyes,
With a touch of glory his worn
Old cassock could not disguise.
So it went, till he stopped on a day
At an inn to sup and eat,
When they set before him a fish
Fresh from the sea for a treat.

As ever before a meal
His thanks to God gave he.
Then lo, inside of the fish—
The key of his Sacristy!
A miracle truly. But why?
Could it be a mercy shown
To one who had grievously sinned,
Repented, and tried to atone?
How else interpret the marvel?
Rejoicing he read it so—
The days of his penance were past,
He might arise and go,
Back to the Bretons he loved,
Be with his own once more.
O! how they welcomed him,
How the children ran from each door!
And there he toiled to his age,
In the footsteps of his Lord
With mercy and healing and love,
And passed to his reward.

He died, but surely his soul
Lives on somewhere, somehow.
See how his tomb is worn
By children's feet even now,
Where mothers bring them to walk
Back and forth on the stone,
To strengthen the frail little bodies!
And he blesses them spirit and bone.
This is the ancient legend
From Gourin among the hills,
Where the faithful still believe,
And all is as God wills.

BLISS CARMAN.

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THE PROMISE OF THE BELL

Christmas in Philadelphia

By AGNES REPPLIER

WHEN from the wooden steeple of the Philadelphia State House (the nation's birthplace, and the most secred spot on American soil) the Liberty Bell rang out its message of freedom "throughout the land," it did more than proclaim the Declaration of Independence, and it did more than summon the colonists to defend that independence with their lives. It promised them in a beautiful and borrowed phrase the reward of their valor. It affirmed their inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" thus linking with bare existence two things which give it worth, thus striving to ennoble and embellish the length of years which lie between man's cradle and his grave.

Never was phrase more profoundly English or more profoundly Greek in its rational conception of values. It means a vast deal more than the privilege of casting a ballot, which privilege has been always praised and glorified beyond its deserts. "The liberty to discover and pursue a natural happiness," says Santayana, "the liberty to grow wise, and live in friendship with the gods and with one another, was the liberty vindicated by the martyrdom of Thermopylæ, and by the victory of Salamis." It is also the liberty which England has always prized and cherished, and which has promoted the thoroughly English qualities of "solidity and sense, independence of judgment, and idiosyncrasy of temperament." To the colonists it opened a fair vista, a widening of their somewhat restricted horizon, a very definite and shining goal, well worth their resolute endeavor.

When on the 23 of October, 1781, three hours before sunrise, a watchman called through the quiet streets of Philadelphia, "Past three o'clock, and Lord Cornwallis is taken," the city awoke to a refreshing sense of safety and exhilaration. The war was not over; but victory was assured, and with it, life and liberty. There remained the pursuit of happiness, and it was undertaken in good faith, and without undue delay. A sober and sedate community, kept in order by Quaker dominance, Philadelphians had always shown a singular capacity for enjoying themselves when they had the chance. They had danced twelve hours at the Mischianza—a notable achievement. They had promoted horse-racing, condoned bull-baiting, and had been "decently drunk" from time to time at punch parties on the river. Now, deeming pleasure to be one approach to happiness, they opened the old Southwark theatre, which had led a life of sore vicissitudes, rechristened it cautiously the Academy of Polite Science, and gave a performance of Beaumarchais's Eugénie, in honor of Washington, who graced the occasion with his presence. He was escorted to his box by attendants bearing wax candles in silver candlesticks, a deferential courtesy which made him distinctly and desirably visible to the audience in the dimly lit theatre.

Nothing in the way of entertainment came amiss to people whose hearts were at ease, and who were unspoiled by wealth or poverty. They went to Washington's rigidly formal reception. They danced as gaily, if not as long, at the Assembly balls, and at the less august tradesmen's balls, as they had danced at the Mischianza and at the Fête du Dauphin. They dined well with such hosts as Robert Morris and William Bingham. They opened hospitable doors to strangers, who sometimes thought them dull; "the men grave, the women serious," wrote Brissot de Warville in 1788. They feasted on Christmas Day, and they built bonfires on the Fourth of July. They rode to hounds. They began the long career of parades and processions which have always been dear to the city's heart, and which the famous New Year Mummers have by now carried to the wonder point of gaiety, brilliancy, and burlesque.

Eating and drinking were the fundamentals of enjoyment in the Quaker town, as they have been in all cities and in all ages of the world. But it was eating and drinking relished "as the sane and exhilarating basis of everything else;" and its most precious asset was companionship. When the Chevalier de Luzerne drank twelve cups of tea during the course of a winter afternoon call upon Mrs. Robert Morris, it was not because he doted on the beverage. No Frenchman has ever shared Dr. Johnson's passion for tea. It was

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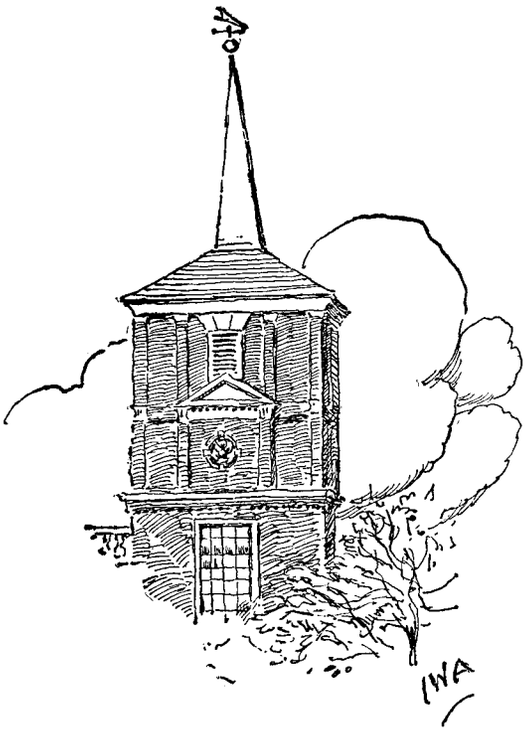
for love of the warm brightly lit rooms (warm rooms were no everyday indulgence in the era of open fires and Franklin stoves) and for love of his agreeable hostess, and of the animated and purposeful conversation. When John Adams "drank Madeira at a great rate" at the house of Chief Justice Chew, "and found no inconvenience in it," it was not because he was a tippler; but because the generous wine quieted his anxious thoughts, and stimulated him to match mind with mind in the sympathetic society of his friends.

Indeed, the drinking of Madeira was in the nature of a ceremonial rite. Even in the days of Penn no serious business was enacted, no compact sealed, no social gathering complete without this glass of wine. It signified good-fellowship and good-will; and when Penn returned to England for the last time, he left his little store of wine in the cellar of the Letitia House "for the use and entertainment of strangers," which was a gracious thing to do.



According to Dr. Weir Mitchell, Philadelphia was famous for its Madeira, which, being a temperamental wine, throve best in that serene atmosphere, and in the careful hands of Philadelphians. It was kept by preference in demijohns, and lived in moderate darkness under the roof, where it "accumulated virtues like a hermit." For seventy years—the allotted years of man—it could be trusted to acquire merit. After that period, it began—like man—to deteriorate. When its owner was compelled by circumstance to house it in the cellar, it was suffered to rest and revive for a day or two in a warm room on its way to the dining-table; and the bottles were carried with infinite tenderness lest the wine be bruised in the transit. A crust of bread was placed by every glass to "clean the palate" before drinking. Elizabeth Robins Pennell tells us that, in her grandfather's old-fashioned household, Madeira was the wine of ceremony, dedicated to the rites of hospitality, sacred to the stranger, to whom it was offered like the bread and salt of the Arab, and with whom it established (if the stranger knew anything about wine) a bond of sympathy and understanding.

When in the winter of 1799 the directors of the Mutual or "Green Tree" Assurance Company were holding their annual dinner, word was brought them of Washington's death. They charged their glasses, rose to their feet, and gravely drank to his memory. In the century and a quarter which have intervened since then, the rite has been yearly repeated. Even today, though the toast may no longer be drunk, the diners rise, the words are spoken, and the dead leader is honored by the living.

How cordial, how dignified, how intelligent was this hospitality practised by men who were pursuing happiness along tranquil and rational lines! How immaculately free from the grossness of Georgian drunkenness, and from the grossness of Victorian gluttony! It is true that boned turkey and terrapin were making their way to tables where wild ducks and venison had always been plentiful, and where dairy products, made perfect by practice, were admittedly the finest in the land. But it was companionship and conversation, "the liberty to grow wise and live in friendship with one another," which citizens prized, and which strangers recognized and remembered. Philadelphia, said the poet, Moore, was the only American city in which he felt tempted to linger. It was the silver talk, alternating with golden silence, which made the nights speed by when friend met friend, and the wreckage of years was forgotten.

> And the men that were boys when I was a boy
> Shall sit and drink with me.

The Wistar parties were born naturally into a world where social intercourse was pleasant and esteemed. First a few friends dropped casually in upon Dr. Caspar Wistar, and sat by his fire on winter nights. Then he asked a few more. By 1811 the custom was an established one, and every Saturday night Dr. Wistar entertained his guests, among them many foreigners of distinction who chanced to be visiting Philadelphia. His house at Fourth and Prune Streets was spacious; the supper he provided was simple and sufficient. In 1818 he died, and his friends wisely resolved to perpetuate his name by perpetuating his hospitality. A hundred years is a respectable age for any social observance to reach in the United States; but Philadelphians reckon such things by centuries. Their tenacity in clinging to old customs, and maintaining them unchanged, is a valiant and poignant protest against the ills done to their town by modernity.

For more than any other American city, Philadelphia has suffered the loss of her comeliness, a comeliness that was very dear to those who first heard the promise of the Bell. "After our cares for the necessities of life are over," said the wise Franklin, "we shall come to think of its embellishments." In the pursuit of a rational happiness, Philadelphians devoted time, thought, and money to the embellishment of their

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daily lives. They had an unerring taste in architecture and decoration. Their portraits were painted by good artists, Peale and Stuart and Sully. Trim gardens lent brilliancy of color to their handsome, sober homes. They made of "Faire Mount" hill a thing of beauty, a little spot of classic grace and charm, which artists loved, and politicians ruthlessly destroyed—perhaps because it was the only thing in the nature of an eminence to break the level surface on which Penn laid out his checker-board town.

To the casual visitor of today, Philadelphia seems an ugly and shabby city, set in the fields of Paradise. Surroundings of exceptional loveliness have lured the town-dweller from his narrow streets, from soot and grime and perpetual racket, to pursue happiness in the clean and composed life of the country. And as more and more citizens seek every year this method of escape, the abandoned city grows more and more downcast and forlorn. It is to be forever regretted that its oldest streets, lined with houses of unsurpassable dignity, should have degenerated into filthy slums, where an alien population violates every tradition of reticence and propriety. Christ Church, Gloria Dei, and Saint Peter's still stand inviolate, keeping their dirty neighbors at arm's length with green churchyards and cherished slips of lawn. Indeed, churchyards, which were once in disfavor, have come to be highly commended. They interpose their undesecrated neatness between many an ancient place of worship and its elbowing associates.

To the visitor who is not casual, to a few careful observers like Mrs. Pennell and Christopher Morley, and to those Philadelphians who love her pavements better than turf, and her brick walls better than trees, Penn's city has a charm which enterprise and immigrant are equally powerless to destroy. It is a beauty faded with years, and dimmed by neglect, and it lies hidden away in quiet nooks and corners; but none the less is it apparent to the eye of the artist and the antiquarian. The Bell, the joyous, old Liberty Bell, is, indeed, housed with appropriate splendor. It has been carried over the country in a series of triumphant processions, and many thousands of Americans have greeted it with reverence. But the deepening fissure in its side now calls imperatively for rest; and Independence Hall—a remarkably agreeable example of colonial architecture—is the Mecca of patriotic pilgrims. All the year round they come to look upon the room where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and upon the Bell which rang its message.

Today that message rings the knell of the past, and the deathless promise of the future. Life, though it is beset by greater perils; liberty, though it is restricted by an excess of legislation; and the pursuit of happiness, though it is turned into new, and possibly nobler, channels. The old society "in which men looked up without envy or malice, and even found life richer from the thought that there were degrees of excellency and honor," has been replaced by a society in which perpetual change has bred dissatisfaction and insecurity. But more clearly than before the note of a real democracy, of a sense of comradeship, of a natural, cheerful, irresponsible interest in one another, has been struck in what was once the City of Brotherly Love. It gives to Christmas something which earlier Christmases never knew; a coming-together of people whose lives are, by force of circumstance, apart, a closing-in of circles which are commonly and necessarily remote.

For a week before the feast, the great pioneer department store of America sets aside a half-hour in the morning and a half-hour at dusk for community singing of Christmas hymns and carols. The rush of business is suspended, the giant organ peals forth the familiar strains, and men, women, and children, crowded into every inch of available space, sing with all their might "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "Come, All Ye Faithful," and "While Shepherds Watch'd Their Flocks by Night."

Charity is an old, old virtue, and Christmas has always been its sacred season; but it is not charity which now makes the householder put Christmas candles in his windows, to give the passer-by a sense of recognition and intimacy. It is not charity which rears the great municipal Christmas Tree for all the town to see, or provides the great municipal concert on Christmas Eve for all the town to hear—and join in if it pleases. It is not charity which lights the "Community Christmas Trees" on country roads, and leaves them shining softly in the darkness as a reminder of good-will. It is not charity which sends little groups of men and women, accompanied by a sober deaconess to sing carols in the few quiet streets which Philadelphia has preserved unspoiled. These singers ask for no recompense. They are forging a link in the bond of healthy human emotions. They are adding their share to the little intimacies of the world.

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Inalienable rights," the Signers termed them, which yet have never been without assailants. What strange vicissitudes the Bell has witnessed, and what strange meanings have been read into its message! But its promise still holds good. If we never grow wise as the Greeks grew wise, if we never lay hold of the "natural happiness" which is the birthright of Englishmen, we may yet surpass Greece and England in the grace of friendship. It will be something different from friendship with our friends; it will be friendship with our neighbors. It will be—I hope—disunited from duty, and composed of simple, durable materials—tolerance, good-nature, and a sweet reasonableness of approach. It will read a generous meaning into qualities which are common to all of us, displeasing to most of us, and intelligible only to the wide-eyed few who interpret the heart of humanity.

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LIBERATION

By ELISABETH MARBURY

HOW many indeed and how varied are the liberations and releases of life that come to us between the years that are plus sixty and minus seventy: They simply crowd and jostle for mention; they clamor for recognition. They refuse to remain inarticulate, for if we have attained to any philosophy, they have brought freedom to the door of one's soul. They have shown us that youth, after all, has been passed behind prison bars—something we had never suspected in the shouting indifference of our callow days; they have proved to us that youth was but a series of illogical reasonings, superstitious terrors and exaggerated emotions. When we are young we seldom appreciate those golden days. On the peak of high noon, few of us realize our glorious position. We simply take youth, beautiful youth, for granted. Grown older—and, I hope, a little wiser—we come to see the precious thing that we have lost.

Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,

sang Browning in that most wonderful of all his poems —Rabbi Ben Ezra. But how youth—all-knowing youth!—smiles at that tender philosophy! "Old people—they're just bores!" shouts exultant, care-free youth.

And so, as the years rush on we come to see that those formative days, popularly supposed to be only bouyant and brilliant, crowded with delight, were only foot-sore, fog-bound pilgrims, never fully realizing their power and wonder. To be radiantly young, and to *know* it—I can think of no greater ecstasy. Yet how many of us are conscious of the glory of our triumphant twenties? We let those days slip by, unknowing.

The activities of youth were but sputtering sparks shot from nowhere, striking at nothing. We ran about in an aimless circle, breathless and inconsequent. We drained our vitality in a futile attempt to be amused and amusing.

To recognize the liberations that come to us takes a lifetime. They are gradually unfolded to us; and it is only when we have started downward over the sunset hill; it is not until we are plus sixty that we can feel any real sense of security in that process of elimination which is practically automatic. For years we have been creating wants and needs, only to find to what extent they are senseless and utterly superfluous. Were we even superficially to enumerate all that has crumbled through this process it would seem amazing to us.

For instance, at the age of thirteen I craved, more than anything in the world, the possession of an amethyst ring, with all the turbulent desire of which my impatient childhood was capable. Finally, this wish was gratified by my over-indulgent parents. I wore the ring for a while until, having become tired of it, as a child soon wearies of any toy, with a gesture of apparent generosity I tossed it into the lap of a less fortunate playmate.

The amethyst trinket was soon replaced by a circle of diamonds; and right there began that race for greater glory which is the beginning of our spiritual troubles. And later, the diamond was exchanged for a much-desired ruby pendant which was finally sold with a battalion of personal heirlooms for impersonal cash. (The amassing of jewels, by the way, is one of the greatest follies in which youth and middle-age indulge.) Whenever I see a lady of quality traveling with an anxious and preoccupied expression, I think I know her foolish secret. I follow her wandering eye and find that it inevitably falls upon a maid who looks like a nervous wreck as she clasps a small square case, revealing by its form and size the fact of its precious contents. It is then that I rejoice that I now own no chips of nature's red, white and blue glass; bits of effulgent carbon for which women have been known to sell their bodies and to barter their very souls. The sense of sublime liberation one experiences while walking through the famous rue de la Paix in Paris without desiring a single object in those glittering shop windows is beyond belief. To come to a knowledge that the possession of anything material, as the wise Thoreau said, is merely an added responsibility is a prodigious stride toward freedom of spirit.

For how many, many years Fashion has been your tyrant! Even though your purse has been fat, it has groaned under the burden of modish exigencies. If thin, it has been sorely and foolishly taxed by each season's demands. How you have laboriously studied the quarterly avalanche of new models, in order to determine which are the best adapted to your particular lines. How you have watched your weight, exercised in torment, actually starved and practised rigorous self-denial that you might possess a one-piece figure! The gowns multiplied, new wardrobes have been built; and if it has been your fortune—or your misfortune—to have one maid, soon you have required two. If you have had none, very speedily you have been forced to engage one, thus beginning that step upward which leads ever to complications and responsibilities. There is no despot in the world comparable to fashion; but one must be far advanced in years before one dares revel in a downright indifference to style.

I happen to know admirable women, each living according to her station, although entirely divergent as to what tribute of sacrifice such station should im-

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pose. Both are rich. Both are in good health. The one who is in the advancing fifties is forever fighting this inexorable fact. She feels that at any cost, no matter how great, she must look young. She never misses her daily dozen. Each morning she rolls upon the floor; the masseur (a woman would lack the strength required to pummel her) comes in to do his conscientious work; orange juice, Turkish baths and golf in rubber garments—these are the paraphernalia with which she must surround herself; these complete the deadly curriculum. Hats, wraps and frocks increase with alarming speed, until this poor woman can no longer keep track of them. Each day she awakens to the disturbing uncertainty of what she will wear.

Yet recently she has, with a total lack of humor, solved the problem to her satisfaction. A young artist has been engaged by the year; it is his duty to make a water-color sketch of each article of his employer's attire as soon as it is purchased. These drawings are then classified under various titles, such as "hats," "wraps," or "gowns." They are systematically numbered and bound in loose-leaved red levant covers, elaborated with gold toolings, with monograms which might be mistaken for coronets.

Milady now enjoys the dubious luxury of calling for each volume in turn, of studying her matutinal attitude towards life before reaching the momentous decision as she lazily turns page after page of her three costly books. Finally, with joyful precision, she directs her mistress-of-the-robes to bring number 5 hat, or number 29 wrap, or number 92 gown. Think of it!

But in contrast to this, let me draw a picture of a delightful lady of seventy minus, whose wit is keen and whose conversation is unfailingly interesting.

She is every inch of her—and there are many inches of her—an aristocrat. She sits enthroned in fleshly comfort, reveling in the good things of life. These many, many years she has been liberated from the tyranny of fashion. With a refined and certain taste she has selected a permanent style of garment which never is allowed to vary. It is simply duplicated, tripled or quadrupled, according to the four seasons. Her housemaid takes entire charge of her wardrobe, and she herself is spared all preoccupation concerning it. When her young friends groan over the fatigue of innumerable fittings, she laughs them to scorn and glories in her splendid emancipation. She is maddeningly triumphant in her liberation from an excess of baggage. Her time is her own; she can indulge her flying fancies. Above all, she can eat hot muffins and toothsome buckwheat cakes with supreme indifference; for not only has she conquered fashion—she has trampled it under her feet.

And ah! what we learn of the culinary art as we advance in years! To spend a great portion of one's life wondering about prosaic potatoes, only to discover that potatoes are never so appetizing and succulent as when plainly baked; to find that what the French gracefully call the foundation of the kitchen is the very essence of the art of cooking; that to eliminate dish after dish which has produced recurrent indigestion is the better part of wisdom; to learn that there is nothing better, after all, than a wholesome vegetable soup prepared from good stock; to turn one's back upon dubious and over-seasoned sauces; to be able to admire the anatomy of a joint devoid of paper pantelettes; to enjoy the honest breast of a chicken which has not been concealed by some oleaginous covering—does not all this simply demonstrate the matured value of simple food which serves its purpose of nourishment without devastating hours of one's time merely to introduce pernicious bills-of-fare while pretending to a gastronomic intimacy with Brillat Savarin —that tiresome monument of vacuity?

Children and young animals, we are told, require many hours of sleep. Youth abuses it. Middle-age indulges in it. But once you pass the Rubicon, you discover how very few hours of oblivion are necessary for your well-being. Six hours out of twenty-four are the prescribed maximum. Thus you have eighteen splendid hours each day in which you are free to live, open-eyed and alert; great stretches of active possibilities, long avenues of sunshine and shade through which you wander, glorying in this assured opportunity for greater accomplishment.

(This is the first of two articles by Miss Marbury.)

NEW LIGHT ON THE BORGIAS

By LYNN THORNDIKE

PART II

Material for a History of Pope Alexander VI, His Relatives and His Time, by Right Reverend Mgr. Peter de Roo. The Universal Knowledge Foundation: Five Volumes. $13.50.

RETURNING to the matter of historical method, the following course which the author of Material for a History of Pope Alexander VI, His Relatives and His Time, proposes, seems to me a dialectical device rather than sound historical procedure. "We shall, when in doubt, quote the opinion of the most critical modern historians, and accept as sufficiently proven what little of the bitterest enemies of Pope Alexander VI state in his favor, while it cannot be supposed that they lie to befriend a man whom they purposely assail; but it is evident that they speak well of him, only because they cannot deny or doubt the proofs of what they reluctantly admit."

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It is not clear whether he means to identify the most critical modern historians with the bitterest enemies of Alexander VI, which would be a contradiction of terms, since one cannot cherish enmity and conform to standards of historical criticism, and no critical historian would either lie or purposely assail or reluctantly admit. But aside from that, favorable admissions by enemies are insufficient proof, just as condemnatory utterances of friends would be. Then there is the further difficulty that Mgr. de Roo is the one who determines who are "enemies," and consequently can control his "proofs." That a Roman Catholic historian may be believed when he makes some admission favorable to the Protestant side may be a good argument from the Protestant standpoint, and that a Protestant historian can be accepted when he says anything good of the Roman Church may be a good argument for Catholics, but neither one is a sufficient proof from the historical standpoint.

Still another question of method may be raised. If Mgr. de Roo wished really to demonstrate to us that Alexander VI took a more lively interest than any other Pontiff of his time in propagating divine doctrine, reforming both clergy and laity, and promoting piety, he should have given us some comparative data concerning those other Pontiffs. I am inclined to think that the activity of Alexander VI in these respects, of which our author "found little or nothing in printed literature," and the records of which in the Vatican archives have so impressed him, was about that of the average Pope, and that similar records of their activities would be found in the same archives, should one study them with the care that our author has devoted to Alexander VI in particular. Similarly he has not adequately demonstrated that "Pope Alexander VI contributed more than any other Pope to the number and usefulness of universities." Incidentally, why does he associate this promotion of learning with Alexander's activity as a temporal prince in volume four instead of with his work as supreme Pontiff in volume three? In the middle-ages, learning was considered next to godliness and a clerical rather than a temporal matter. It must be noted further that Mgr. de Roo accepts accusations of evil-doing or bad character in the case of other persons of that time which are probably based on no better evidence than that which he refuses to accept in the case of Alexander VI. And some will wish that he had printed in his appendices more of those documents which he rejects as forgeries instead of simply rejecting them in some cases as unworthy of notice.

Mgr. de Roo gives many interesting details and contemporary testimonies indicating the existence of abuses and the need of reform in the Church, although he in one place makes the assertion, which his facts do not quite seem to bear out, that there had been an immense improvement since 1450. As against Pastor's general statement that Alexander VI did nothing for church reform, our author gives many minor instances of his activity in that respect; but it is rather noticeable that the Pope seldom took the initiative in these measures but acted upon complaints as to particular monasteries and the like from secular rulers. The one great step of his own towards reform was that following the murder of the Duke of Gandia to which we have already referred, and it was received by "the pious Camaldulese, Pietro Delphino," with these words—"If, as you tell me, the death of the Duke of Gandia has turned the mind of the Pontiff and of the cardinals to the reform of the Church, I shall believe the golden age to have returned." This step towards reform, however, was not followed up by further action.

Roderic de Borgia's own career as cardinal as recorded by Mgr. de Roo seems to have consisted in no small degree of the reception of one benefice after another, despite which sources of income he was at times hard up and had to mortgage his future sources of revenue. But under Pius II he equipped a galley against the Turks; already as cardinal he spent a good deal upon fortifications and churches; the proceeds from the Jubilee of 1500 were used against the Turks and were not lavished upon favorites or the papal family. Cardinal Borgia seems to have kept on excellent terms with all his predecessors, but hardly to have acted from the best of motives when at the election conclave of 1458 "he objected to uselessly casting away his vote and incurring the displeasure of a new Pope already sure of his election." His own election was popular at Rome, and Mgr. de Roo appears to be justified in representing him as a friend of the common people and a foe of the disorderly barons in the papal states. It is interesting to note that keeping the city of Rome provisioned with grain was still a problem of papal policy as it had been of imperial policy in ancient Rome.

Whatever his faults, the Pope appears to have been of a forgiving and clement disposition, pardoning foes when he had them in his power, and becoming reconciled with those who had bitterly opposed him. With Savonarola—whose pulpit methods, by the way, were scarcely as novel and extraordinary then as our author thinks—Alexander VI dealt on the whole rather patiently, more so, indeed, than our author, who is hardly fair to the friar. Mgr. de Roo speaks of Alexander's "earnest disposition and aversion to all games," but possibly this is meant to apply only to his early life, since as Pope he kept a court singer and a court poet, went on wild boar hunts, or had sumptuous suppers and dancing parties in the Vatican, or paid 7,021 florins for a ruby and a pearl. But honi soit qui mal y pense, according to Mgr. de Roo, who represents these as innocent diversions, though granting that today they would hardly be thought seemly at the Vatican.

But the Pope's zeal for the interests of the Borgia

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family must be regarded as excessive. In his palace as cardinal, beneath a picture of the Madonna, was the following inscription—

> Whoever thou be who lookest at this image of the Virgin Mother,
> With a pious heart reverently say a holy Ave Maria;
> And then beseech the Lord of all things under the features of the child,
> That the House of Borgia may continue to stand unimpaired.

He made Cesar a cardinal while still in his 'teens and loaded him with many rich benefices. The marriage alliance, benefices, and fiefs offered to his sons or nephews by the Kings of Naples tell much the same story.

It is gratifying to American pride and scholarly interests to have so imposing and detailed a work on such a theme written in English and published from New York, although composed by a continental scholar and printed in Belgium. Under the circumstances a rather large number of misprints and errors in proofreading, and of slips in English idiom are not surprising and may be the more readily pardoned. Our chance quotations have already illustrated the frequency with which split infinitives occur. Other common faults are the use of the wrong preposition or insertion of a preposition where none is needed, for example—"These gentlemen solemnly renounced to all their pretentions." These slips and the use of such unusual words as denigrate, cardinalitial, obreptitious, rather give the book a quaint charm than confuse the reader as to the intended meaning. But sometimes the effect is even ludicrous, as when it is said of the men who threw the corpse of the Duke of Gandia into the Tiber—"they went their way and showed up no more," or when we are told—"Dark, indeed, like a Negro, Pope Alexander VI stands before us, as painted by his pious and learned enemies, before whom all else should humbly bow. . ."

The notes and bibliographies do not always contain references to the more recent literature on the subject in hand. Thus I find no mention of L. Cellier's Les dataires du XVe siècle et les origines de la daterie apostolique, 1910—or, in connection with the discussion of the famous bulls of demarcation, any reference to the article of H. Vander Linden—"Alexander VI and the Demarcation of the Maritime and Colonial Domains of Spain and Portugal, 1493-1494," which appeared in The American Historical Review for October, 1916. In this connection it may be noted that while Vander Linden speaks of only three papal bulls of May 3 and 4, 1493, Mgr. de Roo mentions four, but fails to note, as Vander Linden does, that two of them were antedated. The two authors are in conflict on another point. Vander Linden says in regard to the Treaty of Tordesillas of June 7, 1494, between the Kings of Spain and Portugal, which changed the line of demarcation to 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands—"The confirmation of the treaty was not obtained under the Pontificate of Alexander VI nor until January 24, 1506." But Mgr. de Roo asserts—"The Pope, whose object had been and ever was to secure peace among Christian princes, readily issued his bull ratifying the new partition line and the other articles of the treaty." He does not, however, adduce documentary evidence for this statement.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Commonweal invites its readers to contribute letters for publication. Ordinarily, letters should not exceed five hundred words in length. Letters exceeding this length, because of the importance of their subject matter, will, however, be printed when the necessary space can be spared. Anonymous letters will not be published.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

Ridgefield, Conn.

TO the Editor:—I have read with deep and appreciative interest The Commonweal since the first issue of its publication, and I sincerely believe it is an acquisition to Catholic literature, the benefit of which will be immeasurable in its influence in a field rich in soil awaiting the seed, but as yet uncultivated. I believe it is an honest and sincere effort on the part of a number of influential Catholics to lift the literature of the Catholic Church out of the "rut of sectarian isolation" of which Hilaire Belloc speaks, and give it a power and influence not unlike that of Paul preaching to the rich Athenians and the Epicurian philosophers, who asked him, saying—"May we know what this new doctrine is, which thou speakest of."

It is, therefore, with timorous hesitation that I presume to write this letter in which exception is taken to the conclusion drawn by the Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs in his article on Religious Tolerance in the issue of November 26. I hesitate to be the first to strike that which may sound like a discordant note, when harmony is to be expected, and where there is a hearty and fundamental agreement in the object desired.

But when Father Riggs says "the real cause of the conflict seems to be racial," I beg to disagree with him, and say that the primary and direct cause is religious, and only indirectly racial; that fundamentally it is antagonism to the Catholic religion due to misconception and misunderstanding, and because the Irish Americans have been and are today the one leading and most conspicuous factor in the growth, the strength and the support of the Catholic Church in this country, and if I may say it without intending any offense to any other nationality—the bulwark of its defense and the one outstanding evidence of its vitality and influence—isn't it only natural that against these the virulent forces of intolerance and bigotry would be directed, and most frequently for the better serving

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their purpose would hide their intent behind the mask of racial antagonism.

Long before "their recent absorption in the disturbance of their mother country" of which he speaks, religious intolerance against the Catholic Church permeated the whole social fabric of this country, and with a vitality that is inexplicable it has survived and survives today all the assaults that a wider and deeper education has waged and is waging against it. Nor can this present day intolerance be ascribed solely to "accidental factors" as Father Riggs says, but rather to an inherited propensity—the heritage of colonial days—the history of which is but a record of intolerance against the Catholic Church, brought from the religious conflict of the old world and instilled into succeeding generations with an intensity that defies extinction, appearing and disappearing with almost the regularity of a definite cycle.

And it is this inherited weakness which is mostly responsible for the presence of that species of weakened Americanism, which every now and then manifests itself, breeding hatred and bitterness, fomenting strife and disunion not only among the ignorant, who may be excused because their ignorance makes them the easy prey of those seeking pecuniary profit or political preferment, but also among the supposedly cultured, who assume a superiority that makes the accusation of being narrow-minded an unpardonable affront. It is true that the Anti-Christ and Scarlet Woman of colonial days have passed out of the pulpit and literature of today, that the ex-priest and ex-nun of a later period have been driven from the platform as an assault on common decency, but the germ of religious prejudice inherited from such ancestry, has never been wholly eradicated, and present day outbursts only too truly make axiomatic the saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who when asked when the education of a child should commence, replied—"A hundred years before it is born."

The Irish Americans committed no crime "against the best interests of America or the Catholic Church" when they asked and openly agitated for American sympathy in the struggle of their mother land for self-determination, for was it not for that America, supported and assisted by Catholic and Protestant Churches and Jewish Synagogue, rose in her might and called upon her rich young blood to flow, sink in and make fertile, for the seed of liberty and democracy, the soil of powerful alien nations, holding in subjection the small weak nations around them. And if as he says, "they fêted" Protestant clergymen with Sinn Fein sympathies, was it not because they would openly and unmistakably show the absurdity of that British propaganda, which in its last desperate effort to stem the rising tide of American sympathy for the Irish cause, made use of press, pulpit and platform in this country, and sent its delegation of Protestant clergymen to appeal to and to arouse the dormant religious bigotry in America, in its malicious plea that it was not a national question but a religious issue that was at stake, that it was not for justice, liberty and humanity the Irish people were contending but for the suppression of a Protestant minority by a Catholic majority, a propaganda that was as false as it was malicious.

I am not writing this letter as an Irish-American defending the Irish-Americans, for their past and present record in this country (they need no defense from me or from any other fair minded person), but as an American Catholic citizen resenting the unjust assertion that Irish-Americans, because of their struggle for freedom and independence of their mother country, and that American Catholics because, as he would have us believe, they are few in the higher strata of American society and as yet are lacking in inherited culture, were disturbing forces provocative of religious intolerance in this country. Racial feelings on my part do not enter into this letter, and if I stress the point at all it is only because it was intruded upon my notice by his article.

What he means by the "higher strata" and "inherited culture" is difficult of comprehension since no care is taken to define their meaning and apparently he asks his readers to give credence to this assertion solely upon his "ipse dixit." I for one refuse to be so easily convinced and would ask something more authoritative. Convinced as I am that he is honest in his convictions, and that when he penned those words—higher strata, and inherited culture—he had no intention of belittling his coreligionists, even if the big majority of them are included in the working class, as are the big majority of American Protestants, I dismiss that paragraph in his paper without further consideration except to say that in all probability he had in mind only the very select few, and likewise made the mistake of confusing real culture, mental and moral training, with that aping of gentility which Webster gives as the definition of snobbery.

R. E. Shortell.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND REALITIES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—By way of correcting an erroneous statement regarding Christian Science, appearing in your issue of November 26, please permit me to say that the teachings of this religion are not animated by what you term "the pleasing illusion that words change realities." Christian Scientists, who understand their subject, know full well that realities are not subject to change. Indeed the teachings and practice of the Christian Science religion rest directly upon the demonstrable fact that realities are invariable in their nature and character. Christian Science definitely holds, however, that spirit and spiritual creation alone constitute the realities of being; while matter and its concomitants—sin, disease, and death—comprise that which it describes as the unreal; furthermore, this religion teaches and in a gratifying measure its adherents are today proving that when and as we come into an understanding of that which is spiritually true, we are able in a corresponding degree to free ourselves from that which is untrue. All of which I may add is in strict accordance with the familiar statement of the Master—"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Charles E. Heitman.

THE COLOMBIAN MINISTER WRITES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—With lively interest I have read the article published in The Commonweal calling attention to the personality of the first diplomatic agent of Colombia, Don Manuel Torres. When it is possible definitely to locate the burial place of this eminent statesman, I am sure that the government of Colombia will desire to place upon the grave a token of the gratitude which all the Americas acknowledge to be due to his illustrious career.

Enrique Olaya,
Minister Plenipotentiary of Colombia.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Two Theatre Guild Plays

NOW that the Theatre Guild is an opulent institution, with a new theatre provided for and a list of more than 9,000 annual subscribers furnishing an underwriting fund for its productions, its responsibility toward the public is proportionately more serious. Moreover, since financial success breeds spontaneously the instinct toward still greater success and frequently a lessening of artistic sincerity, it is fair to say that the Guild has reached a very critical moment in its rather amazing growth. It is beset by a sterner critical standard from without and an insidious and almost subconscious temptation from within.

The question naturally arises, by what, if by any, standard is the Guild going to appraise pieces for future production? Is it going to dedicate itself to the same high type of task as several of the University presses, and bring out chiefly those plays for which it is hard to find a commercial producer? Or is it going to compete with the commercial managers and gather up wherever it may plays likely to achieve popular success? In either case, does it propose to consider forthcoming productions in the light of some fairly definite standard of ethics or solely by that most nebulous elastic and inclusive standard popularly called "art for art's sake?" The Guild management is the only source to which we may look for a satisfactory, immediate answer, but it may at least serve a useful purpose to raise the questions now, since the balance of the Guild's season will serve as one form of answer. In reviewing their entire season later on I propose to bring up these points again, and with considerable emphasis.

They are obviously not drawn out of thin air, but suggested rather forcefully by the successive production of Fata Morgana (initiated last season and mercifully smothered on the road this fall) and The Guardsman. Fata Morgana was an attempt to be clever and sophisticated with the decidedly sordid, serious theme of the seduction of a young man by a much older woman. The erotic material in it was handled quite without artistic restraint, and, dramatically speaking, in such pointless and inconclusive a fashion as to render its sincerity very doubtful. The Guardsman has a much less repulsive theme—in so far, at least, as the characters involved are all of mature age—but through selecting marital infidelity as the subject of comic treatment, it shows the same tendency to be clever at the price of abandoning all ethical standards.

In joyously proclaiming that The Guardsman was a new feather in the festive cap of the Theatre Guild, Mr. Alexander Woolcott spoke of it as a "gay and adult and adroit comedy." Mr. Hammond, in similar vein, pronounced it "a delicate, sophisticated comedy, fit for observation by the smarter type of drama lover." This, of course, is the daily critic's slang for something much more at home on the continental than the American stage. To this I should like to add that it would be much better to leave it at home; and this for a very clear reason which a brief outline of the plot will indicate.

The scene is in central Europe. An actor and his actress wife, after six months of married life, find themselves quarrelling bitterly. The actor, knowing that his wife has had many lovers before their marriage, suspects that she is hunting for another. He resolves to test her fidelity by impersonating a Russian guardsman. In his new rôle, he finds his wife all too ready to listen to his pleas, but when, in the last act, he confronts her with his imposture, she laughingly tells him that she saw through his disguise from the first. The author intimates, however, that she did not see through it. The audience is pretty much left to decide this point for itself. Now if she did see the husband behind the lover's disguise, the little comedy is about as footless and futile as a dramatic pop-over. If she accepted the guardsman seriously, and only manages to lie out of the situation cleverly, then the plain object of the play is to make a deceived husband something comic and laughter-provoking. This is the common and hopelessly trite theme of about nine-tenths of the European farces, so that whichever way you take it, The Guardsman is trivial, and unimportant and rather boring as dramatic contrivance. If you take it in the latter sense, it adds to these faults the scouting of all ethical sense or good taste.

The Guild's second production of the season, They Knew What They Wanted, approaches much nearer to the standard one expects. This "comedy" in three acts by Sidney Howard has much to recommend it, in spite of defective characterization in one important place and certain little absurdities which indicate that Mr. Howard's extensive experiences as a special reporter have left him with a few blind spots in his observation.

If you search far enough in your dictionary or in learned discussions of classic drama, you will find a use of the word "comedy," as applied to any play with a happy ending, that makes the description of this play intelligible if at first glance misleading. Without attempting to be erudite, however, it is better to say at once that it is a serious piece of work. It is the story of Tony, an old and wealthy Italian fruit grower of California, who courts, by correspondence, a waitress, Amy, whom he has seen once in a San Francisco restaurant. Instead of sending her his own photograph, he sends her one of his chief farm hand, Joe, an I. W. W. fanatic of decidedly loose moral habits. When Amy arrives on her wedding day, she at first mistakes Joe for her intended husband, and then discovers her mistake when Tony is brought in with two broken legs as the result of an automobile smash-up.

After a considerable struggle, with continued poverty on one side, and a home with an aged husband on the other, Amy decides to go through with her bargain. But her resentment runs deep, and on the wedding night itself, she yields with only slight reluctance to Joe's advances. Three months later, when she finds that she is to have a child by Joe, she faces the music by confessing everything to Tony—a confession that is made all the more bitter by the fact that she had yielded to Joe only once in a moment of madness, and the further fact that she has come to love Tony sincerely. The scene of this confession is one of the best pieces of dramatic writing and acting I have seen this year, ending as it does in a triumph for Tony's greatness of heart and depth of understanding. He takes full blame on himself for his initial deception in sending the wrong photograph, and discovers and accepts at the same time the sincerity of the new love which Amy has for him.

Now it is quite understandable that, for dramatic effect, Mr. Howard should have Amy commit her one transgression on the wedding night itself. Yet I cannot but feel that it weakens the characterization greatly. In every other respect,

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Amy is essentially a strong character—in her decision to go ahead with her bargain in spite of the deception, in her refusal to practise any subterfuge about the child, in the fine contempt she discovers for Joe the moment her madness has passed, in the flinty courage with which she makes her confession, expecting it to mean the wrecking of her life and her chance for a home, and feeling poignantly the tragedy of it for Tony. Now it seems hardly credible that a woman of this type would succumb so rapidly and without further cause to the doubtful persuasions of Joe. This is to my mind a very serious weakness in a play that is otherwise a strong and at times powerful lesson in what a true Christian love and forgiveness can accomplish in face of almost inevitable disaster.

The other weakness lies in the portrayal of the priest, Father McKee, to whose kindly philosophy both Tony and Amy owe much of their essential strength. If Mr. Howard were a better observer of the Catholic clergy, he would know that a rough and ready parish priest of Father McKee's type is not apt to worry about "not having written his sermon" by a Thursday evening. This is merely a trivial but amusing detail. The other point is more important. Mr. Howard makes Father McKee warn Tony in the first act that marriage with a non-Catholic is "practically the same as living in sin," even when the marriage ceremony is performed by a Catholic priest. This is so grotesque a misrepresentation of the Catholic position that it should be promptly deleted. It is totally unnecessary for any dramatic point, and is entirely out of key with what is otherwise a sympathetic and interesting portrayal.

The acting of Richard Bennett as Tony, and of Pauline Lord as Amy merit a very special measure of praise. They both achieve high distinction in parts that make heavy demands on their ingenuity, poise and judgment. Mr. Bennett handles the difficulties of an Italian dialect flawlessly, even to the pitch and quality of his voice. Miss Lord gives to Amy's incoherent ramblings a pathetic monotony, an unlettered hesitancy and withal a sincerity that do much to obscure the outstanding defect of Mr. Howard's characterization. Her Amy is credible throughout—that is, until the lapse of a few hours has thinned her personal spell and allowed you to think on the skeleton of cold facts.

He Who Gets Slapped

IF you have never seen the play of this same name, by all means prepare to enjoy a thoroughly good screen story bearing the same title. But do not think that you are seeing either the real substance or the form of the play itself. I have rarely witnessed a better example of the transforming effect which the demands of the motion picture public can produce on a literary masterpiece.

The play was replete with a rich if sombre symbolism. Events in the earlier life of He—the scientist who becomes a clown that he may make the world laugh at the buffets he receives—are only faintly suggested in the play, gathering from this an almost allegorical importance. In the film version, they are boldly laid bare, and become at once precise, limited and trite. The same is true of the ending. In the play it is deeply tragic; on the screen, it becomes one of those fatal compromises between tragedy—for He—and happiness for the young lovers. For this reason, there is only disappointment awaiting anyone who looks for the mystic quality of the play in the screen version. But taken by itself, the picture is far above the average quantity output of the studios. Lon Chaney has contributed one more masterpiece to his long list of characterizations, and that alone is adequate reason for seeing the film.

BRIEFER MENTION

Little Cords, by Francis P. Donnelly. New York: Kenedy and Sons. $1.25.

A BOOK packed close with the little things that count for charm and instruction, Little Cords tightened up to snap merrily and hold their place and key—such is the latest title of the list of books that includes Mustard Seed, Watching an Hour and Shepherd My Thoughts. The author gives us many pleasant moments, such as that of the Irishman standing on the coast who when asked facetiously—"Can you see America?" replies—"I can see farther than that; I can see the sun." Or again the tale of P. T. Barnum in the old days, who led the circus crowd about, announcing to them—"The Tigress!"—then—"The Lioness!"—and then got rid of them by shouting—"This way to the Egress!"

Recent American History, by Professor L. B. Shippee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.25.

PROFESSOR SHIPPEE'S book covers the period from the close of the Civil War down to the Congressional election of 1922. The work is well planned, copious and accurate in its data, impartial in its statements, and is in all respects a masterly performance which we can commend without reserve. Particular attention is paid to the interrelation between economic factors, effectively illustrated by graphs and diagrams. Every chapter has a bibliographical note indicating all available sources of information.

H. J. F.

THE chief interest in the simple ballad, The Good Priest of Gourin, published in this issue of The Commonweal, is in the tale itself, and in the fact that it attempts to recount as faithfully as possible a very old Breton legend. The story was told to me several years ago by my friend the late Mrs. A. M. Mosher on her return from a long sojourn in France. Mrs. Mosher had been for years a lover of Brittany and a student of Breton history and civilization. When she repeated this old legend one day in talk and described how she had come upon it, and I remarked that it would make a good ballad, she very generously gave it to me, and soon after wrote it out for me.

BLISS CARMAN.

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THOMAS F. WOODLOCK, author of the review of Alfred Loisy's My Duel With the Vatican, published in last week's issue of The Commonweal, is not, as we stated, a writer for the Wall Street Journal. He has not been connected with that newspaper since 1905. Mr. Woodlock is a frequent contributor of special articles to Catholic and secular periodicals.

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BOOKS

Guy de Chauliac On Wounds and Fractures (A. D. 1363), translated by W. A. Brennan. Chicago: $5.00.

PROBABLY the greatest surprises of modern documented history came in the department of the history of medicine. They revolutionized all current ideas with regard to the medicine and surgery of the Middle Ages. If anyone had ventured to say fifty years ago that there was better surgery in Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries than the modern world enjoyed in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it is easy to understand what an immediate cry of protest would have arisen. Yet that is exactly the truth of history. Mediaeval surgery was almost infinitely better because a little more than fifty years ago mankind had the worst surgery that we know anything about. Nearly always when the surgeon intervened it did harm rather than good. A single illustration will suffice to demonstrate this. When the director and surgical head of the General Hospital at Munich at the beginning of the year 1870 looked back over the record of the preceding year's work he declared—"I will no longer operate in that hospital." And no wonder, for his operative mortality during the preceding year had been over 79 percent of the patients operated on—that is to say four out of five of them had died.

Other surgeons had had almost the same experience. Their hospitals were not quite so old nor quite so crowded as the General Hospital of Munich with its 4,000 beds and their mortality was not quite so high, but the fault was not that of the Munich surgeon and the better record of others was due to no merit of theirs. Our hospitals reeked with infection and it was almost impossible to hope for good results. The doctrine of laudable pus had worked out with inevitable results. Surgical patients of the nineteenth century, until after Lister's time, were scarcely expected to recover without the development of pus in their wounds. The one hope of the surgeon was that the pus would be of a kind that would not prove fatal to the patient even though it would rather seriously disturb his general condition for some time.

Strange as it may seem the mediaeval surgeons had solved this problem of the prevention of infection to a considerable extent. To them we owe the expression "healing by first intention." The Latin original per primam intentionem has no meaning in the equivalent English words, by first intention, unless one understands that this signifies by primary union of tissues and therefore without pus formation. The mediaeval surgeons were very proud of the way in which many of their wounds healed and boasted of the linear cicatrices which so often followed and which could scarcely be seen. Almost needless to say such satisfactory restoration of tissues occurs only when the wound has healed by first intention.

When Professor Draper and President White were writing of the decay of surgery during the Middle Ages owing to the diriment influence of the Popes on the study of anatomy and the prohibition of the practice of surgery to clerics, they themselves were living in a period that witnessed the worst surgery that has ever been seen. The development of the history of medicine through the consultation of original documents and the reprinting of old texts and their consultation by ardent students of medical history, have demonstrated for us that the most wonderful period of surgery down to our own time was exactly the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries of the era with regard to which Draper and White found so many causes of complaint.

Fortunately the publication of the text books of the surgeons of this period and their translation into most of the modern languages has made it impossible for anyone with any pretense to historical knowledge to fail to appreciate the contrast between the significance of the surgery of a generation or more ago, and of six centuries ago when a wonderful period of surgery developed.

It is easy to understand under these circumstances that Mr. Brennan's translation of the most practical chapters in the Chirurgia Magna or General Surgery of Guy de Chauliac is an important contribution not only to medical literature in English but also to the chapter of the culture history of his time. Guy de Chauliac has often been spoken of as "the father of surgery," and that indeed was his title among his contemporaries and immediate successors. How much he has been appreciated in the modern time will be readily recognized from expressions with regard to him that come from historians of medicine who have taken the pains to go through his work. Malgaigne, for instance, declares Chauliac's Chirurgia Magna "a masterpiece of learned and luminous writing." Portal, in his History of Anatomy and Surgery, says—

"Finally it may be averred that Guy de Chauliac said nearly everything which modern surgeons say, and this his work is of infinite price, but unfortunately too little read."

Professor Clifford Allbutt, Regius professor of physics at the University of Cambridge, England, occupying the position corresponding to that which Osler held at Oxford, says of Chauliac's teaching—

"This great work I have studied carefully and not without prejudice; yet I cannot wonder that Fallopius compared the author to Hippocrates or that John Freind calls him the Prince of Surgeons. It is rich, aphoristic, orderly and precise."

These writers on the history of medicine represent the various countries of Europe outside of Germany. Here is Pagel, the German authority—

"Chauliac represents the summit of attainment in mediaeval surgery and laid the foundation of that primacy in surgery which the French maintained down to the nineteenth century."

It is the work of this man that Mr. Brennan has made available for the first time in English. In the preface he says that during his connection with the medical department of the John Crerar Library, Chicago, which possesses four early editions of Guy de Chauliac's work, he observed that many did not know the name much less the work of this great French mediaeval surgeon. Judging from the unvaried interest and admiration when some idea of the importance of Chauliac's work was shown them, he believed that a translation would be warmly appreciated. Hence, the present volume. Its publication was made possible by the liberality of Dr. James Taggart Priestley of Des Moines, Iowa, who provided the funds necessary to publish the book and guarantee against loss. Dr. Priestley is a descendant of Sir Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen. It seems unfortunate that under the circumstances the price of the book was made so high, for $5.00 will seem a good deal for most physicians and libraries to pay for some 150 pages of print. The selections from Chauliac's General Surgery are of parts that are likely to be of special interest to modern surgeons. One does not have to read many pages before realizing that here is a man who made observations for himself and had evidently had a very large experience.

JAMES J. WALSH.

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Americanism and Catholicism, by Frederick Joseph Kinsman. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.

ANY Catholic who takes up Dr. Kinsman's Americanism and Catholicism with the expectation of having his self-esteem tickled and anti-Catholic bigotry militantly assailed, is in for a severe jolt. Any Protestant who assumes it to be merely another piece of Catholic propaganda and passes it by is missing something. The only sense in which it is propaganda, and there it is frankly and openly propaganda, is that it is propaganda for a better understanding. Dr. Kinsman is as merciless toward Catholics who misunderstand Americanism as he is toward Americans who misunderstand Catholicism, and he is by no means satisfied with the attitude of many Catholics toward American institutions. Incessantly, all the way through his book, he scourges them with many lashes. Catholic to the core, the work is American to the limit.

It is a noteworthy contribution to the literature of present problems, being written in a swift and vigorous style and with astonishing and unusual clarity. To Americans of the old stock the first part of the book may sag a little, since, being evidently written for the purpose of educating those who understand American democracy imperfectly, it restates old truths; but he is addressing two audiences, and the old-stock American will find plenty that is new to him after the first few chapters. Until Mr. John Jay Chapman's surprising letter about the Catholic menace in Harvard, one would have supposed that a demonstration of the Americanism of Catholicism would not be necessary to the intellectual equipment of old-stock Americans, but it is evidently not the new-stock Americans alone who need education.

Summarily, Dr. Kinsman seeks to demonstrate two things: That the Catholic Church in this country is not only American but can be of a unique use to Americanism, and that the individual Catholic must recognize the value of the American system and tradition to him. It is universally accepted now, and especially since the war revealed certain unsuspected things, that the later immigration has presented America with a new problem. This consists in the inability or unwillingness, or both, of new-stock Americans to accept the ancient and continuing theory and tradition of old-stock Americanism, which the true American is grimly determined to enforce. This inability or unwillingness must be overcome. Many agencies are at work to overcome it, meeting with varying and not by any means satisfactory degrees of success, but the most powerful is the Catholic Church. This statement needs demonstration only to those who ignore the obvious relations between that Church and the newer immigrants. Those relations ought to be apparent to anybody without argument. Probably they are, but the doubt remains whether the Catholic Church is exerting these obvious powers in the direction of conversion of the ignorant or hostile immigrants and their circles to Americanism—by which I mean Americanism as preached by Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. Dr. Kinsman, to any open and fair mind, completely dissipates this doubt.

If the issue between transplanted modes of thought and old-style Americanism becomes acute enough to reach a crisis, there is one solid block on which the fighting American can rely, and it is the Catholic Church speaking through its authorized teachers and leaders. He can take that as his foundation and build from it, seeking other aid where he can find it, precisely as in a presidential election the Democratic party can always begin with the Solid South and then look for additions from other sources. For, as the writings of many Socialists and Bolsheviks of old American lineage sufficiently prove, there is no other block that remains quite solid. Transatlantic political heresies have dented Jeffersonian and Washingtonian Americanism everywhere else.

Dr. Kinsman is not the first to make this discovery. Fourteen years ago one of the two leaders of the Socialist party in America, Representative Victor L. Berger, undoubtedly the clearest-headed, most far-seeing and sagacious Socialist in this country, discussing the future of Socialism in the United States told me that in the long run, when the intervening obstacles had been swept away, the contest would come down to a battle to the death between "the Red International and the Black International." By the Black International he meant, of course, the Catholic Church. So much water has run under the bridge since that today he might not be so ready to use the word "red," which means more now than it did then, but he certainly retains the same opinion.

Undoubtedly Mr. Berger overstated the case, since the Catholic Church is not and never will be the sole reliance of old-fashioned Americanism. But he is entirely right if one accepts his statement so far as to believe that in any such crisis the Catholic Church will be the largest and most immovable rock in the structure of old-style Americanism, as it assuredly will be the most solid. The only places where it lacks this solidity are where the transatlantic heritage, brought over by immigrants who lack the ability or will to part with it at once, is still retained. Against this the Catholic hierarchy is struggling with might and main. In accordance with its principle, as enunciated by everybody in authority from the Pope down, of giving whole-hearted support to the civil power in every land where that power does not make war upon Christianity, it is teaching Americanism and combating Europeanism wherever Europeanism comes in conflict with the unbroken system inaugurated in 1776 and 1787.

It was for that reason that the Pope and the hierarchy took sides for Americanism against Cahenslyism, and destroyed that attempt to create a German centre in American Catholicism. Dr. Kinsman holds that an immigrant must drop his Europeanism at the shore line. He demonstrates that the whole force of authority in the Church is bent unflinchingly toward that end. Americanism is not only urged in print, it is taught in those schools of which Mr. Chapman stands so much in dread. There are Catholics, however, who misunderstand Americanism as widely as some Americans misunderstand Catholicism; who believe that they are being persecuted, or at any rate distrusted, because of their religion. Much of Dr. Kinsman's book is directed toward the removal of these beliefs. He portrays the American spirit as fair, tolerant, and kindly; and he emphasizes that where Catholicism is distrusted, it is not for religious but for political reasons. He shows convincingly that Americans do not mistrust Catholics because they believe in Transubstantiation—any more, he might have added, than they distrust Christian Science because Christian Scientists hold beliefs contrary to orthodox Protestantism—but that many Americans mistrust Catholics because of a belief that a foreign influence, that of the Vatican, governs their political action. This is not true of the Church, and any individual Catholic who acts in such a fashion as to encourage that belief is therefore a bad Catholic in addition to being a bad American.

Aside from its double appeal to Americans who are non-Catholics and to Americans who are Catholics, the book should be read because it is a good book. It is interesting, forceful, able, and notable in every way.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!" muttered the Editor. "No doubt you are quite right," commented Professor Hereticus. "A great many things must be laid to your fault. But what, I may ask, since you have begun your confession publicly, have you been up to now?" "I have sinned the sin of poking idle fun—or anyhow making a scurvy attempt to poke fun—at a good, kind-hearted man, simply because his booster's language got on my nerves a bit," said the Editor. "And now he has properly humbled me. Do you remember that I read a letter—" "You're always reading letters," grumbled Doctor Angelicus. The Editor's bad habit of lugging his office work about with him is one of the scandals of our club. (Miss Anonymuncule whispers to Primus Criticus that Angelicus tries to balance things by not working even in the office.) "I read a letter," continued the Editor, remorsefully but firmly, "from the President of a Methodist College, offering me a membership in the 'Go-Givers' Club' in exchange for an autographed copy of the book regarded by me as my best. I replied, saying that my best book happens to be a description of a conversion to Catholicism, and I told the club that I supposed my reply closed the episode, and ended my chance to become a Go-Giver. Not at all. Out of the 'great empire of the Mormon, the sage brush and the Snake River, in sunny southern Idaho,' where the 'youngest college in Methodism' flourishes, I hope, as it deserves, there comes this answer—

'Dear Editor:—I appreciate your good letter more than I can tell. We surely do want a copy of your best book. After all is said and done, the biggest thing is for you to be true to your convictions and me to be true to my convictions and for us still to be good friends and co-workers in making this old world better and brighter for God and his good people. God bless you. May your kind ever increase, may your shadow never grow less and may the coming year be among your very best.' "

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"Three cheers for the Methodists!" roared Doctor Angelicus, lustily and emotionally. "Isn't that going just a trifle too far?" enquired Hereticus. "I said, three cheers for the Methodists, Sir, not for Methodism," retorted Angelicus. "Does a heretic presume to question my orthodoxy? However, I may amend my sentiment a trifle, and say, 'Three cheers for some of the Methodists.' This letter is one more proof of my contention that in the soul of the Church there are lots of splendid people, who label their Christianity, or their Judaism, or their Paganism, with all sorts of labels, but who can show some Catholics who might be mentioned (but I name you no names, Sir, it's too close to Christmas for that) striking lessons in true courtesie, and gentilnesse, and charity, that they might well take to heart." "I'll try to do so," answered the Editor. "But, being an Editor, as well as a Catholic, my temptations to err against the virtues you name are pretty heavy. For example, today, when I had to edit a piece of Doctor Angelicus's copy—" "I appeal to the law of sanctuary," interrupted Angelicus. "This after all, is the club, not the office." "But I see you so seldom in the office," retorted the Editor.

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"Well, cheer up, Editor," said the Amateur Theologian. "Who knows but that your temptations, of course if properly resisted, may redound to your spiritual profit? My own opinion is that your trials as an Editor may shorten your time in Purgatory." "If he succeeds in getting there, he'll be lucky," muttered Primus Criticus, two of whose favorite sonnets had been rejected that day. "Speaking of Purgatory, have you heard the story attributed to Lloyd George?" put in the Visiting Foreigner. "At a recent meeting a heckler, roaming wide of politics, asked him: 'What do you think of Purgatory, Mr. Lloyd George?' Back came the reply—'I think, Sir, you may go farther and fare worse!' "

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"The Doctor's offer to give three cheers for the Methodists reminds me of what happened in a little North Ireland town," said Professor Statisticus. "The population was about equally divided between Orangemen and Catholics, and the fights between the factions on St. Patrick's Day and on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne were gorgeous affairs, famous for miles around. Men came from half a county distant to get into them. But the Catholic and Protestant clergy did their best to stop these ructions. They had, among themselves, quite a love feast. When the next Boyne celebration became due, the Orangemen discovered to their intense disgust that their drums and fifes had been taken away by their own clergymen, and securely hidden. And what good would an Orange parade be without the drums? All the same, when the day came, the Protestant and Catholic clergy were equally dismayed to hear the drums, lustily booming and snapping. Rushing into the street, they saw the procession roaring down the thoroughfare, bricks flying and sticks in the air. The drums were muffled with cloths. The clergy, at the risk of their pates, stopped the procession and tore off the cloths. The drums were marked with the name and insignia of the local lodge of the Catholic Hibernians. With true courtesy, if not precisely in a spirit of gentilnesse, and equally as unwilling as the Orangemen to miss a fight, they had loaned their drums to their hereditary enemies. It was a glorious day in that small Irish town, with its name of renown."

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"The tenor of our talk this evening recalls the remark made by a southern Bishop of my acquaintance," said Doctor Angelicus. "Just before he officiated at one of his Confirmation ceremonies, one of his oldest friends, a distinguished statesman, who had become a Catholic, called to see him. The old convert and the Bishop were dyed-in-the-gray southern Democrats. They had fought side by side in Lee's army. It appeared that the convert still had one doubt, or scruple, in his mind. 'I have accepted without question the articles of faith,' he told the Bishop. 'The one thing left to ask you about is this. As I understand it, in becoming a Catholic I must promise to do my best to love my enemies?' 'That is correct, Sir,' answered the Bishop. 'Well, I take it that that must apply to Yankee Republicans as well as all other people?' 'H-m, now let me see,' replied the Bishop. 'Well, Sir, I would put it this way. You must love, or do your best (no man, Sir, can do more) to love even Yankee Republicans individually, personally, but as for loving them collectively, as a party, Sir, well that I would consider a counsel of perfection, a work of superorogation, and not binding upon you!' In short," concluded Angelicus, "pacifism is still far from human acceptance. To love the sinner and hate the sin seems not only sound doctrine, but human habit. And even that, God help us, is hard for us pugnacious mortals to practise—even at the Christmastide."

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